The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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IS THERE ROOM IN ANGEL-LAND?

[A short time since the author listened to an interesting discourse by a Methodist preacher, in which he related the following touching incident: A mother who was preparing some flour to bake into bread, left it for a few moments, when little Mary—with childish curiosity to see what it was—took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was always in the way! Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be no room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother—you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will they have no room for me?" The broken hearted mother then felt no sacrifice too great could she have saved her child.]

Is there room among the angels
For the spirit of your child?
Will they take your little Mary
In their loving arms so mild?
Will they ever love me fondly,
As my story books have said?
Will they find a home for Mary—
Mary numbered with the dead?
Tell me truly, darling mother!
Is there room for such as me?
Will I gain the home of spirits,
And the shining angels see?

I have sorely tried you, mother—
Been to you a constant care!
And you will not miss me, mother,
When I dwell among the fair!
For you have no room for Mary—
She was ever in your way,
And she fears the good will shun her!
Will they, darling mother, say?
Tell me—tell me truly, mother,
Ere life's closing hour doth come!
Do you think that *they will* keep me,
In the shining angels' home?

I was not so wayward, mother!
Not so very—very bad,
But that tender love would nourish,
And make Mary's heart so glad!
Oh! I yearned for pure affection,
In this world of bitter woe!
And I long for bliss immortal,
In that land where I must go!
Tell me once again, dear mother,
Ere you take the parting kiss!
Will the angels bid me welcome
To that world of perfect bliss?

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

CHAPTER III.

THE KING OF THE MARKSMEN.

The red, golden beams of the westering sun, glancing athwart the village green, shone upon a stirring scene of lively interest.

Around the lawn a breathless concourse of spectators thronged to see the last and decisive shot fired, which was to determine which of the competitors would become the proud possessor of the honorary prize, and the long-prized distinction of the championship of the forest, with the title of "King of the Marksmen."

Old Kit, the innkeeper, stood at the entrance of a large booth, in which all day he had been dispensing viands and inspiriting drinks to the thirsty crowd, but which hospitable tabernacle was, in common with the rest of the camp, now deserted by the holiday-makers who were gathered upon the green to witness the end of the contest.

Gretchen hung upon her father's arm, and, with strained eyes and quivering lips, watched the target, which, in Bohemian fashion, consisted of colored rays, studded at intervals with silver stars, all of which, however, had been shot away save the large silver ornament suspended by a piece of blue ribbon to the "bull's-eye."

Caspar stood leaning against a tree watching the scene with lowering brow, a fiendish gleam glinting red in his dark stern eyes.

In the centre of the lawn stood Wilhelm, pale as death and evidently much agitated. He nervously gripped his long rifle, and kept his glance glued upon the target.

Very slowly, and with a hesitating air that caused a general laugh at his expense, Wilhelm raised his gun to his shoulder and fired.

The branch of a tree, many paces to the left of the target, crashed and dropped to the ground, cut through by Wilhem's bullet, but the silver star remained untouched.

A storm of groans, hisses, and shouts of mocking laughter proclaimed the defeat of the hitherto invincible marksman.

Crushed with mortification and despair, poor Wilhelm slunk through the fickle crowd, almost unnoticed, for every eye was now attracted by the new favorite, who stepped jauntily forward, cocked his piece, aimed, and boldly fired.

The star of the target fell.

Triumphant huzzas rent the air, the music struck up its liveliest strains, the jagers and the lads and lasses of the village *en masse* surrounded the victor.

"Viva! all hail to the master shot! Killian for ever! Killian is King of the Marksmen!"

"Bless you, my people," returned the new-made monarch, with unctuous solemnity. "By the soul of Bacchus, but our majesty will have a merry reign of it.

AFTER THE SHOOTING MATCH.

Come, my fair lieges, do homage to your gracious sovereign. I claim tribute, sweet girls, from your honeyed lips." Here the mad-cap threw his arms around a group of laughing lasses as one might gather up a handful of roses, and then waving his hat, he shouted, "Three cheers, my loyal subjects, and welcome the reign of the jolliest dog in all the Raubenzwold."

"Long live King Killian!" laughed the crowd.

"But where is Gretchen?" asked one of the jagers.

"She is the belle of the village, and it is her office to decorate the champion with the star and ribbon. Quick, fetch her hither."

"Oh, Killian, would you believe it," cried one of the girls, eagerly, "Gretchen, instead of being rejoiced at your success, has gone home in a fit of sulks, and declares she will never speak to you again?"

"Phew! the precious little rebel," returned Killian. "But one flower is as fair as another; Annchen is the lily, if Gretchen is the rose of the village. Surely one of my fair lieges will consent to place the wreath upon the conquering hero's brow."

Annchen blushed and laughed, and then taking the ribbon and star from one of the bystanders, placed it around his neck, whilst another rustic beauty pinned a bouquet upon his breast, and fixed a long white plume on his hat.

Then the jagers took down the target, and having seated himself upon it, Killian, in the midst of enthusiastic cheering, was raised upon the brawny shoulders of four strapping huntsmen.

A grand procession was formed; the band of music led the van, then came a number of the jagers bearing antlers, boars' heads, and other trophies; then followed a bevy of maidens, scattering flowers, after whom the newly-crowned monarch was borne in triumph along; the rear of the cavalcade was made up of the crowd of jagers and peasantry, and so the procession paraded round the green, every voice lustily blending in this triumphal chorus—

"Victoria!
All honor to Killian, our hero, be given,
Whose rifle the star of the target hath riven.
For where far or near
Hath our Marksmen his peer?
Victoria! Victoria!"

At a sign from Killian the procession halted where Wilhelm was seated, his arms tightly folded, his hat pulled close down over his eyes, and his head buried in his bosom, a prey to the keenest anguish of shame and vexation.

The jagers and peasants pointed sneeringly at the fallen favorite, while the elated Killian shouted from stentorian lungs the following taunting ribaldry—

"Doff your hat, sir. Come, no joking.
Lost the prize, sir? 'Twas provoking.
If your betters win the day,
Should you grumble, eh, eh, eh?"

"Peace, fool!" growled Wilhelm.

But the implacable victor continued shouting in the same taunting strain—

"Look at me, I'm king to-day, sir;
All to me their homage pay, sir.
Doff your bonnet—'tis the law;
Won't you—won't you? Ha, ha, ha!"

As he concluded this piece of doggerel, he struck off Wilhelm's hat by a blow of his rifle-butt.

Stung to madness, Wilhelm leaped to his feet, his teeth clenched and his eyes glaring with fury.

"Braggart and villain! you shall dearly rue this insult!" he exclaimed, and springing upon Killian he dragged him from the huntsmen's shoulders, and rolled him upon the ground.

"Treason, treason!" shouted old Kit, the innkeeper, plunging into the mob, which now surged around the struggling rivals. "Down with the traitor who has dared to assault the King of the Marksmen, and my best customer: Drub him soundly, lads! Souse the spiteful, envious varlet in the duck-pond! Down with him!"

Hustled, thrashed, kicked, Wilhelm was buffeted from one side to the other like a shuttlecock, and the uproar was tremendous.

Caspar sneaked out from his covert, and stood gloating over the riotous scene with malignant delight.

In the midst of the hubbub the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard, and a party of mounted men, headed by a burly, dignified old gentleman, sumptuously dressed in a hunting suit of green velvet, richly trimmed with gold lace, came galloping up, and forced a way into the middle of the crowd.

"Hold! Keep the peace, I say!" shouted the dignitary, in a stern, commanding voice. "What means this unseemly brawl? Back, all of you!"

"Odds bobs, 'tis the head ranger!" shouted old Kit, scrambling out from the throng.

The crowd slunk back, awed by the presence of so distinguished a personage, and doffed their hats with profound respect.

"Ha! *you* are here, Killian," said the chief, sternly. "Then I do not wonder that mischief is forward."

"Give a dog— Well, this is what I call adding insult to injury!" grumbled Killian, shaking the dust from his doublet, and trying to arrange the broken feather in his crushed hat. Permit me to assure you, worshipful sir, that I am in no way blameable for what has happened. Master Wilhelm, there, made an attack upon me, and those good people took my part. That's all."

"Wilhelm—impossible!" exclaimed the head ranger, turning towards the luckless jager, who was standing with his head drooping, his clothes torn and covered with dust.

"Most honored sir, allow me to explain this unpleasant affair. These gentlemen have been firing for the annual prize and the championship of the forest," said Kit; "Meinherr Killian has proved victorious, and we have been paying him the customary honors, while Wilhelm has not scored a single shot to-day, on which account we rallied him with a little good-humored banter—no harm in the world intended, your worship—he lost his temper and furiously assaulted the 'King of the Marksmen,' whom we were bound to defend. And surely he who misses every time must needs expect a little jeering on the occasion."

"Not scored a shot! missed every time! Whom are you talking about—not Wilhelm, surely?" asked the ranger, in the utmost astonishment.

"Ask him yourself, Meinheer Kuno," said Killian, "he cannot deny."

"Wilhelm, is this true?"

"Too true," murmured Wilhelm, in a low, husky voice.

"What can be the cause of this sudden failing? Are you not well in health, my good Wilhelm?" asked the head ranger, kindly.

"I know not what it is, sir," returned the huntsman, raising his hand to his throbbing brow; "yet this morning I felt full of hope and confidence. It strangles me to own the truth; as they have told you, sir, not once have I hit the mark this day."

"Perhaps your rifle is not in good order."

"I have tried the best pieces; Hermann, Johan, Heinrich, Rollo, and a dozen others of my comrades have lent me their rifles, but I have failed with each."

"Depend upon it, your worship, he is bewitched," interrupted old Kit. "My grandame, who was a woman of sense and experience, used to tell of the *freischuts*, the jagers who have dealing with the forest-demon—"

"Pshaw, nonsense, man; a granddame's story," returned Kuno, with impatience. "No, no; I know the spell by which you are paralyzed, Wilhelm; 'tis love! 'tis the apprehension of losing your bride that renders you nervous and incapable. Come with me, lad; let us talk matters over coolly. I see you are ill at ease in this rough company, and well you may be. Fie! what a chicken-heart. Come, come with me, and perhaps my admonitions may restore you to your senses, of which you seem bereft. Let us get out of this crowd. I have much to say to you."

Wilhelm bowed respectfully, and with a dejected air walked on by the side of the head ranger's horse, the old man bending low from the saddle and conversing with his favorite huntsman, his attendants following at a distance.

The peasants and foresters watched the cavalcade till it disappeared behind a clump of trees at a turning in the road.

"Poor Wilhelm!" sighed one of the peasant girls, "this has been a day of sad trial for him; if he should fail to-morrow what will become of Bertha; she will break her heart."

"Indeed she will, Annchen," rejoined another of the girls, "for her maid, Lina, told me that the Lady Bertha is deeply attached to the brave young jager, who once saved her life—when riding in the forest her horse was attacked by wolves. No wonder she should love him."

"As our jolly host says, 'Wilhelm must be bewitched—spell-bound!'" said Hermann.

"And we have been so cruel—flouting the poor young fellow in his misfortune and disgrace—I for one am ashamed of myself," rejoined Annchen.

"Why, yes, it was indeed too bad," said another girl, "and he such a nice young man; so kind, so courteous—"

"And so handsome!"

"And such a good shot—ha! ha!"

There was a general start, and all turned at the sound of that deep, bitter laugh.

It was Caspar who had spoken.

He stood leaning upon his rifle, his back turned to the glowing western sky; he loomed out like a figure carved in ebony—so dark was his skin, his raven hair, and his sombre hunting dress.

"If ever the devil walks forth in a human form he is not far from us at this moment," muttered Hermann.

"*So* handsome!" chuckled Caspar, mimicking the girl's tone. "Ha, ha! Ephemera! Insects that flutter and glisten for a passing day! What is beauty? The waxen mask that covers a death's-head—a painted vizor that the heat of youth's summer melts away; the frost of age's winter wrinkles, cracks, and withers. *So* handsome, ha, ha! Now, had it been Caspar who blundered all day, missed every mark, got rabid with rage at a mere jest, who would have taken his part—who would have commiserated *poor* Caspar?"

"We all know why you are so spiteful against Wilhelm," said Annchen. "It is because the Lady Bertha accepted him when she rejected you, Caspar. You are jealous of him."

"Jealous, ha, ha! of his skill as a marksman; of his chance of winning the bride to-morrow; of his self-restraint and sweetness of temper; of his fortitude under defeat! Of what should I be jealous? Of his good looks? Wait but a dozen years, and I will then tell you whether or no I think I have reason to grudge him his comeliness; in the meanwhile I cannot envy him any advantage that is so transient. Well, I leave ye to your revelries. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die! But I am not *so* handsome. Poor toad, I must creep back to my cranny in the rocks; yet I do not spit my venom upon ye, poor worms of day; rather would I have ye revel through your little hour. No, no, neighbors, I like a pleasant jest, and hope there's no offence in it. Farewell!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED—THE WONDROUS SHOT—THE MAGIC BALL.

The sun was fast sinking behind the highest peaks of the Harts Mountains, casting athwart the intervening landscape gigantic shadows from the lofty firs that crowned their frowning steeps.

The Black Forest, stretching away for many a league from the base of that mountain range, lay like its name, black as night, the abode of darkness, mystery, and horror.

A short distance up the eastern face of the stupendous Riezengebirge, and peeping out from the surrounding foliage, were seen the towers and gilded turrets of the castle of Raubenzwold, the abode of Meinherr Kuno, the father of the lovely Bertha, and the hereditary Grand Warden, and commander of the King's jagers.

To the left, hidden by a few intervening pines and hoary larches, lay the village of Raubenzwold.

The projecting points, gables, and buttresses of the old castle that had gleamed for some moments like molten gold, as bathed in the rays of the setting sun, were suddenly extinguished, and in an instant lost to sight, as the orb of day sank behind the belt of pines, and left all the nether world in gloom and partial darkness.

"So perish to-morrow the light and hopes of my cursed rival," exclaimed Caspar, as he stepped from the deep shadow of a tree, from whence he had been contemplating the sudden vanishing of the sun, and the instant disappearance of the old castle, lost in the surrounding gloom of wood and mountain.

"Zamiel! Fiend! Wild Huntsman! Devil! by whatever name, potent or accursed, you answer, appear and aid me now! The victim approaches, and by the power I yet exercise over you, I command your presence. Appear! Zamiel, appear!"

And stamping fiercely on the ground, he raised and shook his clenched right hand defiantly at the darkening sky.

Instantly the gigantic form of the Huntsman, with his fiery eyes, appeared before the trunk of the tree from beneath whose curtain of hanging leaves Caspar had but just emerged.

"Why am I summoned again? Speak, what more seekest thou of Zamiel?" demanded the fiend, impatiently.

"Revenge, and all thy powerful aid to compass it."

"Have I not given thee the last already, and for the other it must be worked to-night in the Wolf's Glen."

"I grant that you have aided me to-day by marring his aim, paralyzing his strength, and by covering him with the scorn and contempt of his comrades and friends," replied Caspar.

"I have kept my promise. He has not scored a mark to-day, and has he not been made the contempt and scorn of the village? Is not that enough?"

"No, it is not enough, and thou knowest it, fiend."

"What more?"

"Aid me to bring him to the Wolf's Glen."

"By what means?"

"You know my thoughts, why ask the means? You shall obey me! I am yet thy master."

"And I your slave—who exists but to serve you. Ha, ha, ha!"

And Zamiel gave a weird, sardonic laugh, that sounded ghastly through the forest, and

made the blood in Caspar's veins run cold with horror.

"Aid me, Zamiel, I beseech—I implore you!" he cried, in eager supplication.

"The mortal comes. You shall have the aid you seek."

And, as he spoke, the fiend suddenly vanished.

The next moment, with folded arms, and drooping head, Wilhelm slowly advanced from the direction of the village.

"I can bear my fate no longer," he muttered to himself, as he came under the deeper shadow of the trees. "In vain I strive to shake off the power that over-rides my spirit, and assume my former confidence. Some influence I cannot fathom, holds me, as it were, in its fell grasp, and I feel as if of all good saints and Heaven itself forsaken. Whence this sudden darkness on my eyes and soul?" he cried, despairingly, as Zamiel appeared at his back, and the sky grew in a moment dark. Some power of evil hangs over me, and whispers despair and death. Merciful Heaven!" he ejaculated, with sudden fervor, as he clasped his hands, and raised them imploringly to Heaven.

At that invocation, the demon staggered back with a shudder, and instantly vanished.

At the same moment, the sky became again clear, and with a voice of thankfulness, Wilhelm exclaimed,

"Angels and saints, I bless you! The dark horror has fled, and the blessed light streams back upon my soul. Oh, Bertha! beloved Bertha! would that to-morrow were come and past, and I knew at once my fate. To lose you would be misery insupportable; and if in to-morrow's trial I should fail—"

"But you will not fail," Caspar answered, coming from under the shadow of the tree.

"You here!"

"Nay; I should rather say you here, Wilhelm. Why, man, you look anything but like a gay and thriving wooer. Pshaw man! smooth that cloudy brow; 'twere an ill compliment to the lovely Bertha, to visit her with such desponding looks."

"How know you I am going to visit Bertha?"

"I judge it from a dozen signs; but suffice, I do know it."

"Oh, Caspar, if I should fail in the competition to-morrow."

"But I repeat, you will not fail!"

"Ah, that I could feel so assured," and he sighed heavily.

"You'll be assured of nothing while your spirits are so confoundedly low. Have a cup of wine, man, to put some soul in you?"

"No, Caspar, no."

"But I say yes, Wilhelm, yes. Why man, I am your best physican. See, we are at Meinherr Kit's back door, and a stoup of Rhenish is got in a moment."

And darting under the tree in the direction of the hostlery, Caspar disappeared for a few seconds, while the desponding lover bent his eyes abstractedly on the ground.

With a dispatch that might have created surprise, had Wilhelm been in a mood to notice it, Caspar returned with a flagon and two horn cups.

"Here, comrade and brother jager, a cup of this will put life in you."

As he spoke, Caspar filled the two beakers, and held one towards Wilhelm.

"Not to-night, Caspar, I have no heart for drinking."

"The very reason, then, you should drink to give you one. Here's a toast you must respond to, 'our excellent warden, your future father-in-law—the good old Kuno.' What! not drink to your bride's father?"

"I wish him long life and all happiness," replied Wilhelm, waving back the wine.

"Pshaw! Good wishes unseasoned by good wine never reach the ears of the gods. To our head ranger!"

"Well, well, be it so: but only this one cup. To our head ranger!"

And both men emptied their beakers at a draught.

"Ha, ha! This is wine of the right vintage!" cried Caspar, smacking his lips, and refilling both measures.

"Now, comrade, having finished the happiness of the estimable Kuno, I'll give you a toast I defy you to refuse," he continued, eyeing Wilhelm closely.

"Indeed; you think so!"

"Confound it, man, what churl would refuse a cup to the honor of his sweetheart? Here's to the health of the lovely Bertha!"

"I must drink to that. The lovely Bertha!"

And both together again drained their cups.

"Now, Wilhelm, I look on you as a sensible fellow, and one to whom a man may speak on any subject. Did you ever hear Herman's story of the seven bullets?"

"The Freischutz? Oh, yes, I have heard that idle story."

"There you are wrong, my friend. 'Tis no idle story. There are such bullets, and to be got just in the way the legend says."

"And with such a bullet, a man would be sure to—" exclaimed Wilhelm, eagerly.

"To cut a hair in two; but, what would be better far, certain to win the castle and estate of the head warden, and the hand of the beautiful Bertha."

"You torture and deceive me, Caspar. Bertha's name is to me too sacred a theme to be jested with."

"Jest, my friend. No man was ever more solemnly serious than I am at this moment, both in what I say and do. And this I'll presently prove to you."

"How?"

"Here, take my rifle, Wilhelm. Now, look straight upwards. The sky is quite clear just overhead."

As he spoke, Caspar gave his comrade his long rifle, and pointed to the bright patch in the arch of the heavens,

"There, now; look up. Do you see that eagle—quick!"

"I certainly do see a black speck, an atom hardly visible, like a fly, if so small an insect could be seen a hundred times nearer. Eagle. Absurd!"

"Nevertheless, fire!"

"You would make a fool of me, Caspar?"

"By the oath and honor of a jager, I swear I am serious. Fire!"

"Absurd! In the growing darkness, the mote or speck has soared almost beyond the beam of sight."

"Nevertheless, fire, man! blaze away! IN THE DEVIL'S NAME, FIRE!" cried Caspar, petulantly, as Wilhelm, having pointed the rifle almost vertically, turned away his head.

"Have your way. There, then!" and on the instant the young man fired.

A loud, demoniac laugh sounded in his ears, above his head, and all around, filling the air with the eldrich—"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Aye, you may well laugh at my folly, Caspar," exclaimed Wilhelm, as he dropped the butt of the piece heavily on the ground and turned in surprise to see his companion instantly gazing upwards.

"I laugh! It was the death cry of yonder feathered monster. See with what speed it falls; its limbs defined against the sky. 'Tis an eagle, and here it comes falling headlong at your feet."

"Great heaven, what a monster!" ejaculated Wilhelm, springing back in real alarm, as the enormous bird, every plume of which was black as midnight, shone like silver.

"You don't see such an eagle as that once in a century, Wilhelm; look at its tearful beak and enormous claws; see how cleverly you have hit him too, right under the wing, and not a feather damaged. That's a shot to be proud of."

"How on earth did I do it, Caspar? Certainly by no skill of mine."

"You are right there, comrade; you killed that bird by one of those magic bullets of which you have heard."

"Ah, a new life and fresh hope breaks in upon me. Caspar, my friend, you have more of those bullets; give me one for to-morrow, and make me your grateful debtor for ever!"

"My dear Wilhelm, I would do so with pleasure were it in my power, but that was the last bullet I possessed—the last of the seven!"

"The seventh bullet—seventh!—guided by the will of the fiend, if the story be true. Horrible!"

And Wilhelm shuddered, as he thought of the fearful legend:—

"Six bullets to the aim go true,
Beware the seventh, or thou may's rue."

"I see nothing horrible in the matter. Your will and the fiend's were alike."

"Why did you waste such a ball on this worthless creature? Why not have kept it till to-morrow?"

"Pshaw, man! I expended it for your gratification, that you might test its quality."

"But it was your last."

"What of that? It is full moon to-night, and I intend to cast a fresh stock."

"Where, Caspar, where?"

"In the Wolf's Glen, at midnight."

"Alone?"

"No: I shall have a companion."

"Who?"

"Why, you. You will be with me."

"I—" stammered Wilhelm. What should make you think I would take any part in your hellish rites?"

"So, then, I see I have been deceived in you. I thought you were an honorable-minded fellow, Wilhelm, instead of which—"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this, comrade. You shrink like a scared child from taking your share in casting the bullets."

"Well?"

"But you have no objection to beg one of them when cast."

And with a contemptuous laugh, Caspar threw his rifle on his shoulder, and turned as if to depart.

"Caspar, forgive me!" cried Wilhelm, hurrying up to the tempter's side, and holding out his hand.

"Forgive you! Of course I will," replied Caspar, wringing the proffered hand with friendly fervor. "First, because I know you are a much better fellow than your words show, and secondly, because I am sure your love for Bertha is so devoted, that it would compel you to risk anything to insure the victory to-morrow."

"I would—I would!"

"And not let that drunken oaf, Killian, carry off the bride and the estate."

"Ten thousand devils!—no!" cried Wilhelm, passionately.

"As I thought, a man after my own heart. Mind, then, it's a settled thing. The Wolf's Glen, to-night—at midnight."

"Farewell! Let it be so. Oh, darling Bertha, for your love, I peril—"

"Stop, my friend, stop!" cried Caspar, returning. "Put this feather in your cap. It will delight your lady-love, and show your sneering comrades that they are a far better shot than they surmised."

And plucking one of the finest feathers from the eagle's wing, he fixed it in Wilhelm's cap.

"Thanks, many thanks!" replied Wilhelm, turning away. "Farewell!"

"You know the hour. You will not fail?" added Caspar.

"No, no, I'll not forget. Farewell! I remember—the Wolf's Glen."

"At midnight."

Caspar stood for a moment resting on his rifle, noting the form of the receding lover till lost in the distance.

When he was completely out of sight, he gave expression to a low, sardonic laugh, exclaiming—

"Fool! fool! You thwarted me in my love for Bertha, and now it is Bertha who is luring you to destruction. Thanks, Zamiel, for thy aid, thanks!" he cried, turning round with open arms. "By thy assistance, I have secured thee another victim. Thanks! Stop," he ejaculated, looking down on the huge bird at his feet; "a pinion of this may be useful at our incantation to-night. Poor fool! Poor fool! Wilhelm, your hour approaches!"

And stooping down, Caspar cut off one of the eagle's wings, and singing some wild witch's ditty, turned into the Hartz forest, where he was instantly lost in gloom and darkness, while Wilhelm, full of hope and fear, slowly ascended the mountain to the abode of his beloved.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ After a political meeting in one of our suburban towns the speakers adjourned to the house of a leading citizen, who among other refreshments brought out a choice bottle of brandy. The doctor refused to drink any, but taking up the bottle, held it to his nose. "I've got you now," said the judge, "for I shall report that the last time I saw you, *you smelt of brandy.*"

☞ THE WHEELER FAMILY.—A New York tradesman having three customers, father and two sons, by the name of Wheeler, and fearing a confusion of accounts from their different orders, solved his difficulty by styling the stern parent "Stern Wheeler," the eldest son "Side Wheeler," and the youngest, rather a fast youth, "Propeller."

☞ Why is the sofa that your father is sitting on like most railway stock? Because it is below *par*.

☞ It has been said that a Frenchman is born for three things:—To dress, dance, and drown himself.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R 31, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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Back Numbers.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We still have a good supply of back numbers of THE POST on hand, containing the early portions of "THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," and "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

We printed a large extra edition, in order that all new subscribers might be accommodated with these splendid stories.

A SENSIBLE CONVENTION.

We see it stated that on the 17th of this month, the women of Germany were to hold a Conference at Stutgard, for the purpose of discussing the points of the following programme:—

1. To find out the best ways and means to teach young mothers how best to regulate the physical education of their children.

2. The establishment of small museums of literature, art, and industry. These museums would not merely contain the best works of literature and art especially adapted for women, but they would principally be a kind of schools or academies. Places for meetings, lectures, and the like, in which topics, such as the education of children and matters of domestic interest, should be treated by competent women and men, if these can be prevailed upon to assist in the movement. There would also be Sunday-schools for women and girls of all classes, savings-banks, supply associations, offices for those that wanted places, etc.

3. The commencement of a reform in dress, chiefly directed against the vagaries of fashion, and the best ways and means to carry out this reform effectually. As a basis for this reform the following points have been accepted:

a. That nothing be declared "old-fashioned" which has once found itself useful, and appropriate, and becoming.

b. That nothing new be adopted unless it has proved itself to be both to the purpose and answering the demands of good taste.

c. That all garments and objects of toilet that are hurtful to health be put away.

d. To inquire whether a large saving might not be effected in things of dress, so that the expenses might be made more appropriate to the income.

4. The transformation of benevolent female institutions into "self-supporting and earning female institutions."

Such a solid, sensible movement as the above, in this age of windy folly—such a discussion of heaven-ordained *duties*, instead of useless and unprofitable so-called *rights*—deserves to be both encouraged and imitated.

If a similar Conference were held in this country, there is one subject of the greatest importance, which should almost take precedence of all others. We mean the subject of Cookery.

This is a matter which especially appertains to the province of women—their position in the world as wives, mothers, and managers of the household. And it is of the greatest importance. We are simply saying what we believe, when we say that at least one-half, and it may be three-fourths of the sickness and intemperance in the United States, is the direct or indirect result of the almost universal bad cooking.

We are ourself a drinker of water—seldom touching anything stronger, with the exception of a cup or two of coffee in the morning. But, if we go to an eating-house for dinner three days in succession, we begin to feel a necessity for a glass of ale, or a little whiskey, to enable the stomach to manage the eating-house food.

Bad bread, bad butter, greasy meats, hot cakes yellow with saleratus, pies that would trouble the stomach of an ostrich, may be met with as a general thing in all portions of the country. And from them—combined with the scarcity of vegetables and fruits—come headaches, bilious fevers, and typhoid fevers without number.

You may multiply doctors, medicines, and temperance societies, but until the cookery of the land is greatly improved, and a larger proportion of vegetables and fruits is eaten, disease and intemperance cannot be overcome.

And then, so great is the tendency to extremes in a certain portion of our people, that those who see this—hundreds of them—rush to the opposite folly. They banish meats, and often fish, eggs, and milk, from their tables—they denounce the use of salt, and of tea and coffee,—you ask them for bread, and they give you a stone—they set themselves against all the natural variety of tastes, a regard to which they call pandering to the sensual appetites—and thus by disgusting the people with their arbitrary rules, fling them back upon their old diet, and do harm instead of good.

What we want is an intelligent consideration of proper modes of cooking, by women who are well informed upon the subject, and upon the nature of the physiological laws, and yet who have no crazy *ism*, nor favorite one-idea, to injure the sane and harmonious balance of the mind.

We are not certain, however, that any good would result from a public conference on the subject, so far as this country is concerned. Such conferences are apt to fall into the hands of a set of "reformatory" ladies, whose tongues are (singular to say) a good deal longer than their heads. Women who from the very shallowness of their ideas, are conceited and talkative and positive—and each of whom has her favorite Brandreth's pill to recommend, the only thing necessary being that society should take it and be saved. Of all things in this wonderful and mysterious universe which are insufferable, perhaps the cackling of these shallow and silly male and female apostles of the newness, is the most so. It is worse than "the crackling of thorns under a pot"—being from its very nature unanswerable, except perhaps by a bucket-full of cold water, until it has burned itself into ashes.

No, it is to the pen, rather than to the tongue, that we should appeal. Let the truly noble and intelligent women of our land, write to their sisters respecting the wise performance of their duties—respecting the physical and moral education of their children, the avoidance of ridiculous, foolish and extravagant fashions in dress, the general economical management of the household (including the purchases), and, especially, the proper mode of preparing food for the table, with the insuring of a sufficient variety without an increase of expense. Books treating upon these important subjects—and we are pleased to see a few already published—*if* wisely and judiciously written, by competent and experienced ladies, could hardly fail to do great good. So long as women continue to be women, those matters will be those that immediately concern the great majority of them, and for the wise and prudent management of which Providence will hold them responsible. It will be no excuse for neglecting their undoubted *duties*, that they have been engaged in what may be appropriately termed a wild-goose chase after doubtful *rights*. And it is certainly the part of wise women not to seek to enlarge the circle of their responsibilities, while the duties already pressing upon them are almost greater than they have the time and energy to perform.

DEATH OF MR. SOUDER.—Caspar Souder, Jr., one of the proprietors and editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, died last week in this city, after an illness of four weeks.

Mr. Souder was forty-nine years of age, and a gentleman of ability in his profession, and great kindness of heart. The PRESS CLUB, of which he had been President, and was Treasurer, at a meeting attended by the prominent members of the press, passed fitting resolutions in testimonial of his many noble qualities.

And so, one after another, we pass away,—and the places that now know us, know us no more forever.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COLTON'S JOURNAL OF GEOGRAPHY AND COLLATERAL SCIENCE: A Record of Discovery, Exploration, and Survey, issued quarterly from Colton's Geographical Establishment, 172 William street, New York. This is an interesting and instructive publication.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for November. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO LATIN COMPOSITION. For Schools and Colleges. By ALBERT HARKNESS, Ph. D., Professor in Brown University. Author of "A Latin Grammar," "An Introductory Latin Book," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. A Romance. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

CHANTICLEER; A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. With Illustrations by Darley. Published by the American News Company, New York.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for November. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. Devoted to the Development of the Country. October, 1868. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for November. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE WHITE SCALPER. A Story of the Texan War. By GUSTAVE AIMARD. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE SCHOOLDAY VISITOR. An Illustrated Magazine for Young People. For November. Published by Daughaday & Becker, Philada.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL. November, 1868. Published by Alfred L. Sewell, Chicago, Ill.

IMPURE BLOOD OFTEN THE CAUSE OF BAD CONDUCT.—Little children whom it is difficult to govern; girls whose conduct is eccentric; boys whose dispositions and tempers are ugly; young women who seem to have little or no care for their reputation, or whose whole lives seem to be concentered in efforts at personal display; young men who are irritable, wild, dissipated, and destitute of self-respect—in the great majority of instances will be found to have their moral perturbations and obliquities developed by poisonous conditions of the blood. The blood is the life. If that is poisoned, so is the life; if that is depraved, so is the life. The soul of man, so far as its exhibitions or manifestations are dependent on his bodily organization, cannot show normal expression while his blood is abnormally constituted. Foul blood makes foul impressions; foul impressions make foul actions; foul actions make foul character. So the thing goes. God has made the bodies of human beings so that when these become depraved the character shall take on corresponding manifestations.—*Laws of Life.*

☞ The Western Musical World says that Amen should always be pronounced *ahmen*, in singing. By the *amen* of a composer of music we understand this word set to music, to enable the choir to respond to the prayer or blessing chanted by the priest before the altar. In *amen* the vowel sound of *a* should be the same as in far, farm, &c. It is the purest sound of *a*, as well in reading as in singing.

☞ The window-glass alone in one of the principal Broadway dry goods palaces cost $60,000.

A Devonshire Jury.

We have heard something lately of the way in which juries wrangle about their verdict. Listen to a Devonshire story thereanent. A doctor in B—— had caused the death of an old woman in that town, through giving her wrong drugs. The facts of the case were notorious. However, when the trial came on, to the surprise of every one, he was acquitted. The jury were much laughed at for acquitting so notorious a culprit, and had actually to change their market-town from B—— to another. Before quitting, one of them, to prove the regular and straightforward way in which they had acted, made a clean breast of it, and spoke thus: "I must tell 'ee furst, us was tuked and shut up in a dark room, w'out vire and cannle, no wittles, and no drink, like so many dawgs—tell about Christian jurymen! Us had nothin' else to do, so us simmed us might all so well get to wurk about the business so sune as possible. So I was what they calls Vorman—'ee's the chap who has to tell the t'others what they'm to say, and to settle disputes, and keep things comfortable like; so I says, 'Gen'lemen, us must just get thro' thick y'ere business so sune as possible, and git to supper 'ome long. Do'o know what for, us be come together?' 'Why, 'tis something about thicky doctor, isn't it?' 'Ees fy! 'tis a question whether us shall take and hang 'un or no; and us 'ad better go by most votes on the subject; so if so be you'll sit still I'll axe ye all round.' So I axes No. 1: 'What do you say, Mr. ——, Guilty or Not guilty?' "Well, sir, you might ha' known before axin of me, that I don't care a d— either way, for it can't make no difference to me—haugin' he don't 'urt me.' 'Very true, sir, says I; so I registers 'ee as Not guilty. 'What do you say, sir?' 'Well, sir, I says 'tis a case of teu [two] lives agin one. Yeu know Doctor —— was our parish doctor, and it was only last Teusday week he was on his rounds, and he comes and saves my teu [two] little children as was tuked mortal bad with small-pox, and now you axes me to hang un. Why, 'ee's only killed a auld weuman who must have died shortly in the course of nature, and saved my teu children against she; so I says Not guilty, sir.' 'Very well, sir,' says I, and I axes No. 8, and he says, 'I say the auld weuman deserved to die, for 'twas preuved that the very night before she died, her was a eatin' of rabbits and onions; and if you or I had done that at twelve o'clock o'night, and gone to bed with our bellies full of such vittles as they, why us ought to die, if us didn't; so I says Not guilty.' 'Gend,' says I; 'and what do yeu say, sir?' 'I should say none of your neck or nothing measures. Give'n a vart-night in the Debtor's Court—I've 'ad it there myself—and you'll find it bad enough for 'ee.' And so 'ee says Not guilty, and I turns to No. 5. 'I says,' says he, 'any person will naturally die who don't stick to Mr. 'Olloway's pills and ointment, which cured poor Mrs. Maria Jolly, after forty years hexcruciating hagony from the wind; and I never 'eard as how her used they, so I shall say Not guilty for he.' Well, next comes No. 6, and he says, 'I says Not guilty, for I took a hoath when I was a small boy behind a counter where there stood a cruked tea-pot, with a half-crown inside it, and I was accused and wopped for 'avin' prigged em, that should I ever see any person accused of stealin' anything else, I should always swear that he who was accused was falsely sworn against.' So I came to No. 7, and he says, 'Well, gentlemen, 'tis very pretty and very treu, all you've bin saying; but you seem to me to have overlooked one fact, that if you 'ang 'ee you don't bring *she* to life, so I should say leave both poor devils alone.' The next said, 'Take and hang 'im, for what I care,' and the others followed all; but, fortunately, us 'ad enough votes for to save his life, and that's how it was."

Fanatical Punishment of a Child.

Mary Swingler was on Saturday sentenced at Rochester, N. Y., to six months' imprisonment for having, a few months since, cruelly burned the hands of her adopted daughter, seven years of age, by holding them over the stove. The Rochester Union says:—

"It was alleged by the prisoner, it will be remembered, when in the Police Court, that the little girl had stolen a piece of candy, and it was to deter her from committing further thefts that she punished her in the manner she did. By roasting the little one's hands over the stove she said she intended to give her an idea of what hell is, a place to which she would surely go if she stole any more. A person would naturally suppose that a woman who would inflict such dreadful punishment on a little child is a very she-devil; but Mrs. S. is not to be placed in that category. She thought it her duty to punish the child to save its soul from perdition, and nothing could so well convey her idea of perdition to the little one's tender mind as roasting its hands over a "young hell," the withering fire of a cooking-stove. The exclamations of the little girl—'Oh! mother, it hurts!' 'Oh! mother, it hurts awfully!'—and the noises of the crackling flesh, did not make the woman desist, and the interference of neighbors only prevented her from inflicting injuries which would doubtless have proved permanent. But few women in this city have a more benevolent and peaceable looking countenance than hers. We are not quite sure that Mrs. Swingler is of entirely sound mind."

Remarkable Retribution.

Recently, the treasurer of a town in the West, was shot dead while attempting to rob his own house. It appears that he had collected some twelve thousand or fifteen thousand dollars of the town-taxes, and left home in the forenoon, telling his wife he should be gone all night. Towards night, a travelling peddler applied at the house for a night's lodging. The wife at first refused to admit him, but finally yielded, with much reluctance, to his request. Some time in the night the peddler was awakened by the noise of men breaking into his room. Taking them for robbers, he drew a pistol, and fired at them. One fell and two fled. Lights being procured, the dead body of a man with blackened face and otherwise disguised was found upon the floor. Upon further examination, it proved to be the proprietor of the house himself, who had resorted to this stratagem to steal the tax-money collected, and had met with this terrible retribution.—*Milwaukie Sentinel.*

☞ An orator at a cattle show, the other day, after expressing his satisfaction with woman as she is, gave as a toast—"The Coming Woman—may it be a long time before she arrives."

German Smoking and Beer Drinking.

[The *Rev. Dr. Stevens* writes to "THE METHODIST," in relation to the Smoking and Beer Drinking of the Germans, as follows:]

I have spoken of the recreative habits of the Germans, their almost daily visit to their "Bier-Gardens" for music, social reunions, smoking, and beer-drinking. The high general health of the people doubtless arises, to a considerable degree, from this out-door relaxation from the habitual drudgery of their lives, for they are sturdy, though slow workers, while they do work, especially their studious men, who form a class unequalled, in number and labor, in any other country. I have promised to say something more about these self-indulgent habits, particularly their beer-drinking and smoking.

These may be said to be universal habits; for, though there can be found individual exceptions, there are too few to affect the question of the effect of beer and tobacco on the national health. Here, again, is one of those problems of which I have spoken. These Germans are among the most robust people on the earth. They appear more so here than in America, for you receive, usually, the lowest classes, worn out by excessive work and poor living. The middle and higher classes have a stouter physique than the same classes in England. They have the English robustness, without the English plethora. And yet their drinking and smoking appear, to us Americans, at least, altogether excessive. It is incredible what quantities of beer they swallow daily. Four pints a day I should suppose to be about the minimum; ten, twenty, or more, are not at all uncommon. They insist that beer is always "Gut;" they give it to their children; in the "Gartens," you see mothers put the glass to the lips of their infants, and the little Teutons seem to take it by hereditary instinct. Smoking is also excessive, as well as general. The boys begin it at twelve or fifteen years of age, and puff away, with apparently no bad consequences, till they are octogenarians.

Our American notions on these habits are so rigorous that, of course, my curiosity was excited to inquire among the people themselves respecting their effects. I found that the suspicion of any serious detriment from them seemed inconceivable. When making such inquiries, accompanied by three or four of my own lean, lank, nervous countrymen (as was often the case,) these drinking Teutons would give us, from amidst their clouds of smoke, a grim, argumentative glance, as if tacitly saying: "Compare yourselves with us, and then make your inference."

Dr. Hurst and myself "instituted" a somewhat systematic course of inquiry on the subject, throughout our pretty extensive travels together, and the answer was one and the same everywhere. Peasants and artisans, merchants and scholars, nearly all had a good word for the "weed" and the "hop." In returning from the Harz Mountains, I stopped half a day at Quedlinburg, to see the memorials of Klopstock and Ritter, natives of the quaint old town. While waiting an hour at the depot restaurant for the cars, some six or eight venerable men dropped in, one after another, and took their seats, as if by habit, at a particular table. They were "fathers" of the city—one of them a clergyman—most of them above seventy, and none of them under sixty years old. A finer group of hale old men I never saw. It was their custom to meet there about sunset. They were soon all emptying their glasses, and lighting their cigars or long pipes. Here, I thought, was a good opportunity for my usual inquiries. Taking a seat with them, and asking a few questions about the town, with the intimation that I was a travelling American, I was instantly received, as it were, into their very hearts—for, since our war, there is no higher recommendator of a traveller in Germany than the announcement that he is an American. All these veterans entered warmly into the discussion about beer and tobacco. My doubts were looked upon as entirely foreign, American, and were excused solely on that ground. I ventured to be particularly inquisitive on the subject. They had been smokers from their early boyhood; they smoked whenever they "felt like it," which was usually about "all the time," except when eating or in church; some of them began before breakfast; most of them stopped only as they went to their chambers to sleep; some kept their pipes by their bedside, to puff a little if they should wake in the night. One of them admitted that tobacco might be injurious to very young boys—all admitted the truism that excessive use of it must be bad, as with everything else; but on what is excessive use of it they could give no opinion. They had about the same notions respecting beer; the oldest, however, thought that four glasses (pints) a day is a "moderate" and expedient quantum, though ten are harmless.

I know not but that the medical men of the country can show statistics against these popular ideas; but they show no concern for the public health on the subject. They themselves are generally hearty drinkers and brave smokers. The old German savans and professors (with some occasional exceptions) are inveterate smokers. A German's library or studio is, *par excellence*, a "smoking-room." But the "liberty of smoking" is sacred almost everywhere—in parlors, dining-rooms, cars, ecclesiastical synods, etc. I was under the care of a physician in Heidelberg, who, besides his purely medical prescription, directed me to smoke three cigars a day and drink four glasses of beer—a cigar after each meal, two glasses of beer in the morning and two in the afternoon. He is a learned man, up to all the latest science of his profession, having studied, not only in Germany, but in London and Paris. I argued the matter with him from our American stand-point, but in vain. I tried the beer some time, but have felt better since I gave it up; still I will not deny that it may have done me good. Being an old smoker, the cigars were not altogether an unacceptable medicament; but I had good reason to doubt them. I reduced the three to three halves a day, and at last to one, and am certainly none the worse for my abstinence.

What particularly surprises an American here is the fact, that, with all this drinking, smoking, and congregating in public resorts, he seldom or never sees drunkenness, or any other indecorum. In America (especially among our Irish) or in England, these quiet, social scenes would usually end in a general "blow out." I have seen but two or three men "the worse for drink" in all my German travels. In the northern cities, where they get "Hollands" and "Cognac," there is frequent drunkenness, but the opinion of intelligent Germans, in the interior and south, is that beer and wine have saved the populace from more intoxicating liquors. A physician in the heart of Germany remarked to me that the faculty knew alcoholic diseases only from books, cases seldom or never occurring among their people. After hearing, on a Sunday morning, the celebrated preacher and poet, Gerock, I saw him the same afternoon, as I was passing a Bier-Garten, seated at a little table, enjoying himself with his friends. He is one of the best "evangelicals," but the Germans have their own notions of Sunday, especially Sunday afternoons. I spoke to him on the old question. "Stick to the beer," said he; "it is gut; but the northern drinks, the gin and brandy, etc., they are poisons." Gerock is himself a splendid specimen of physique, tall, erect, vigorous, with rosy complexion, and no sign of his age, except his white flowing locks.

I am writing you a very "gossipping" letter, and of set purpose, for it was in this "gossipping" way that I made my German observations on these matters, and it was the only reliable way of making them. Still it would not be safe to leave the subject in this vague state. Let me summarize these views, then, more distinctly, in conclusion.

First: The Germans are the most beer-drinking and tobacco-smoking people on the earth. There can be no question about this point.

Second: There is no appreciably bad aggregate effect from these habits on the health and morals of the people. Mark that I do not say no individual bad effect, but aggregate, or general. I allude to the physical and moral condition of the Germans, as a race, with these habits, compared with other nations having different habits. These Germans are, I reaffirm, the healthiest and most honest people in Europe, whatever may be our abstract theories of tobacco and beer. If you include in the word "morals" the more spiritual affections of personal religion (of the general absence of which, in Germany, I have heretofore spoken), then you will, so far, need to qualify my affirmation; for it may be that their habits have something to do with that.

Thirdly: While it is fair that these concessions should be made as simple matters of fact, it should not be inferred that similar national habits would be expedient with us or any other people. The Germans have peculiar "idiosyncrasies," as the doctors say; and then the difference of climate is really incredible. German chemists who have been in America say that chemical processes, bleaching, even bread-making, etc., show peculiarities in our atmosphere. To a traveller from Germany, walking up Broadway, most of the people look like invalids just escaped from hospitals. Our atmosphere, if not by its direct effect, yet by the nervous, restless habits it begets, withers us to the core. How these German self-indulgent habits would affect us, physically, physiologists should be able to decide for us. I only know one thing on the subject—that, with all our whiskey-drinking, oyster-eating habits, we are the most sickly and most morbidly wretched people I have seen on the globe. The German habit of mingling rest with labor, and of spending part of each day in the open air, we could well imitate. The beer-drinking is a mere incident, and could be dispensed with. But more on this subject hereafter.

"Hurry in Haste and Repent at Leisure."

No work no play, no cross no crown, and a dozen other similar oracular utterances, have a modern successor, equally true, in "no money no love." Not that a certain amount of bank stock or government bonds really makes a man or woman more lovable; but unless the bonds, or the stocks, or their equivalent, are in the honest reach of one party or the other to every matrimonial engagement, it might as well be given up in despair. A great deal of romance has been written about love in a cottage, and it is a very possible and pleasant thing. But it does not do to lose sight of the fact that the hard-hearted owners even of cottages require yearly rent for them. Ever so small butchers' joints must be paid for; flour is as much per barrel for lovers as for any one else. Dealers in dry goods have no sympathy with love's young dream, and no warmth of passion will do away in midwinter with the necessity for coal. Grant that John is earning enough to-day, what security is there that he will not be under the doctor's care to-morrow? It is an unsafe thing, hazardous for themselves as well as society, when two young human turtle doves agree to mate, with no provision in advance for a nest. True, such marriages come out well, often enough; but there is always the chance that they might have come out very ill indeed; and it is a game of hazard at which the truly sensible will not care to play.

Don't be a Lobster.

A lobster when left high and dry among the rocks, has not sense and energy enough to work his way back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come to him. If it does not come, he remains where he is, and dies, although the slightest exercise would enable him to reach the waves which are perhaps tossing and tumbling within a yard of him. There is a tide in human affairs that casts men into "tight places," and leaves them there like stranded lobsters. If they choose to lie where the breakers have flung them, expecting some grand billow to take them on its shoulders and carry them to smooth water, the chances are that their hopes will never be realized. Nor is it right they should be. The social element ought not to help him who makes no effort to help himself.

THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.—This country seems to be waking up from a long sleep, or rather shaking off a baleful spell, under which she has been withering since the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The folly of the Spaniards, who first of all expelled the Jews, and with them all commercial enterprise, from their country, and then drove out the eminently industrious agriculturists the Moors, could hardly be believed. The result was that the Spaniards, lazy, ignorant, unenterprising, and contented to go plodding on in the old way, soon found all the prosperity of their country disappear; and though the gold and treasure poured into its lap from the New World may have given for a time a fictitious prosperity, and revived something of its former greatness, Spain has never really prospered in later days.

☞ It has been well said by a clergyman—who says everything well—"Never shy an old sermon at the devoted heads of the few who have ventured out on a rainy Sunday."

☞ The latest house-furnishing vanity on Fifth Avenue, is golden keys in rosewood doors.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Severe Earthquakes in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21.—A heavy shock of earthquake occurred at ten minutes of 8 o'clock this morning, east and west. Several buildings were thrown down, and a considerable number badly damaged on Pine, Battery and Sawsom streets. Near California the ground sank, throwing buildings out of line.

At the present writing, 9 A. M., no estimate of the damage can be made, though it is considered comparatively small. Several severe shocks have followed at intervals, creating general alarm among the people. The shock was felt with great severity at San Jose, where a number of buildings were considerably injured.

SECOND DESPATCH.—A survey of the city shows that the principal damage by the earthquake was confined to the lower portion of the city below Montgomery street, and among old buildings on made ground. Numerous houses in that portion of the city have been abandoned, and have been pulled down.

The custom house, a brick building on pile ground, which was badly shattered by the earthquake in October, 1865, is considered unsafe, and the officials have removed to the Revenue buildings. Business in the lower part of the city is suspended, and the streets thronged with people. Great excitement prevails. The parapet walls and chimneys of a number of buildings were thrown down, resulting in loss of life. The damage will not exceed $1,000,000.

This evening the streets are crowded with excited multitudes discussing the particulars of the disastrous earthquake. Twelve shocks were felt during the day. The general direction was northerly and southerly, though some descriptions give it as rotary motion. The greatest damage extends in a belt several hundred feet wide, running about northwest and southeast, commencing near the custom house and ending at Folsom street wharf, injuring and demolishing some twelve buildings in its course.

At the corner of Market and First streets the ground opened several inches wide and forty or fifty feet long. At other places the ground opened, and water was forced above the surface. The City Hall may be considered an entire wreck. The Courts are all adjourned, and prisoners have been taken from the station-house to the county jail. All the patients in the United States Marine Hospital have been removed, and the building was declared unsafe.

The chimney of the United States Mint is so badly damaged that the establishment is closed for repairs. The type foundry suffered greatly, and the Lincoln School House badly damaged, and the statue in front of the building quite ruined. The Post-office delivery is temporarily suspended. The San Francisco Gas Works suffered severely, the tall chimney being thrown, fell through the roof.

Although a hundred buildings in the city have been damaged more or less, a thorough examination proves that those buildings which have been properly constructed will stand much heavier shocks than those of yesterday.

The Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, and the Lick House and the Russ House, the largest buildings in the city, are uninjured, except that in some instances the chimneys were thrown down and the plastering cracked. These buildings are all on solid ground.

The damage west of Montgomery street was very slight, very few buildings occupying solid ground showing any damage whatever.

At Oakland the shock was severe, throwing down chimneys and greatly damaging numerous buildings. The ground opened at several places, and a strong sulphurous smell was noticed immediately after the shock.

The Court House at San Leandro was demolished, and one life lost. From various portions of the country in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay, the shocks are reported severe, and considerable damage sustained. In many places the earth opened and water gushed forth.

The roof of the Mission Woollen Mills is considerably damaged. The large chimney of the sugar refinery, on Eighth street, is badly cracked. The gable end on the girls' side of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum just fell in, crushing through the ceilings.

Only five lives have been reported lost, although about thirty were injured by the falling debris. The water in the Bay was perfectly smooth at the time of the shock, and no tidal disturbance took place. The shock was felt aboard the shipping in the harbor, as if the vessel had struck upon a rock.

The shocks were felt at Sacramento and Stockton. The Mare Island Navy Yard experienced two heavy shocks, several buildings were thrown down, and several considerably shaken, but no serious injury occurred. In Redwood City the large brick Court House is a little better than a wreck, and all the county officers have moved out.

At Marysville a light shock was felt, and at Grass Valley the shock was severe. At Sonora the shocks were light, but they continued nearly all day. All business except that of a retail kind is suspended.

The Chamber of Commerce held a meeting to-day, and resolved to telegraph to the Chambers of Commerce in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, London, Paris and Hamburg, an account of the disaster.

Alameda county suffered the most. Alameda, Brooklyn and Orleans suffered severely. In the state of Nevada, the earthquake was scarcely felt.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21, 7 P. M.—Another shock has just been felt.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 23—2·15 A. M.—Another severe shock of earthquake has occurred here, and has sent the people shrieking with terror into the streets. It is impossible to tell at present whether any more damage has been sustained by the shattered buildings or any lives lost. The streets are thronged with people in their night-clothes, fearful of what may come next. The atmosphere is thick, and the weather warm and sultry.

THREE O'CLOCK A. M.—The excitement is somewhat quelled, but since the shake at 2·15 the people evince no desire to retire, but remain in the streets, discussing the probability of the recurrence of another disaster similar to that of the 21st of Oct.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 23—8 A. M.—No further earthquake demonstrations have occurred since 2·15 A M., except a very slight shock at 2·20, but some additional damage is reported.

The excitement among the people has abated, and business is proceeding as usual. The weather is very thick, with a slight rain falling.

THE ELECTIONS.—The official majority for Hartranft, Republican, for Auditor General of Pennsylvania, with Forest county to hear from, is 9,677. Forest county is believed to have given a Republican majority of four votes.

The new Pennsylvania legislature will consist of 18 Republicans and 15 Democrats in the Senate, and 69 Republicans and 38 Democrats in the House. This will give the Republicans a majority of 3 in the Senate, 24 in the House, and 27 on joint ballot. In Ohio full official returns are not yet reported, but the latest information states that the Republican majority will be 16,965. In Indiana the Republican majority is set down at 817, but full official returns have not yet been received from all the counties. The latest announcement is that Geo. W. Julian, Republican, has been elected to Congress by a small majority.

The New York Tribune has returns from three-fourths of West Virginia, giving the Republicans 4,200 majority. It is claimed that the Republicans have carried all the Congressmen.

SEYMOUR ON THE STUMP.—Governor Seymour has resolved to take the stump, and redeem if possible the fortunes of the campaign. He is to speak daily in the contested states until the day of election.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS.—The last series of base ball matches played by the English cricketers, took place on the Union grounds at Morrisania, the occasion being a testimonial to the English cricketers by the base ball fraternity of New York. The American nine was composed of players from the Union, Mutual and Active clubs. Six innings were played, and the game resulted in another defeat for the Britishers, the score being:—England, 11; America, 20.

VACCINATION.—The Belgian Government has recently sanctioned the kind of vaccination first introduced into France, and known as the Neapolitan system. An establishment has been founded where the virus or lymph is obtained from healthy cows, and thus the objection that disease may by the usual methods be transmitted from one human being to another, is obviated. This is a practical application of the theory of Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination.

—The Prince of Wales, it is said, refuses to be made a Free Mason until the theory and objects of the order shall have been revealed to him. His father, Prince Albert, was strongly opposed to secret societies.

—The earthquake wave, which began on the Peruvian coast on August 13th, was felt on the Australian coast the following day.

"DRY AS A DICTIONARY."—That phrase must pass away. Look into the elegant quarto edition of Webster's Unabridged; see the three thousand illustrations, handsomely engraved, interesting and instructive pictures. They are interspersed through the work in just the order in which you can most readily find them, with definition and description. Then, again, they are classified, convenient for comparison. But this is only one of a hundred or more improvements made in the recent edition, worth mentioning to our readers. No studious reader can afford to be without it, or will hesitate to buy it upon examination.—*Mining Press.*

☞ An individual in New York, who is of the opinion that there are not enough voters in this country, has started a movement to secure suffrage to young men on reaching the age of eighteen. But why stop at eighteen—why not fourteen, twelve, six? Why not allow everybody to vote, men, women and children, down to babies at the breast? If the suffrage is a "natural right," and not a franchise, you can make no stopping place based on any kind of qualification.

☞ The Sultan of Bournu, in Central Africa, employs in a very curious fashion a caleche which Queen Victoria gave him. On solemn occasions his Majesty has the equipage drawn by the grandees of his court, he himself marching on foot by the side.

☞ There are three post-offices in the United States known as Gap Civil, Blandville and Modest Town. This country also contains post-offices named Quiet Dell, Sweet Air, Sweet Home, Hornet's Nest, Gold Dirt, Silver City, Askey Defiance, Petit Jean and Big Thompson.

☞ An amateur balloonist of St. Louis says the descent is "not worse than being thrown out of your buggy by a runaway horse."

☞ A Paris philosopher, in a paper on acoustics, finds that flattery travels to the ear at the rate of 1,900 yards a second; good advice, at the rate of 16.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. Sales comprise about 7000 bbls at $6.25@7.50 for superfine; $7,75@8,75 for extra; $8,50@9 for Northwest extra family; $9@11 for Penna family; $10@11,50 for Ohio extra family, and $12@13,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour; 400 bbls sold at $8@8,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat. About 400 bus sold at $2@2,10 for fair red; $2,15@2,18 for good; $2,20@2,21 for prime, and $2,20@2,25 for amber, the latter rate for choice, including white at $2,35@2,35 ₱ bus. Rye; about 2000 bus of Penna and Western sold at $1,05. Corn; 50,000 bus sold at $1,29@1,30 for prime yellow, and $1,25@1,28 for Western mixed. Oats; 40,000 bus sold at 74@75c for Penna and Western, and 55@68c for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of mess Pork at $20@30,50. Mess Beef sells at $23@24 for city packed. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 16@18c; Excelsior Hams at 19c; Sides at 16½@17½c; Shoulders at 13½@14c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 17c, and Shoulders at 12½c. Lard—Sales of 700 bbls and tcs Western at 18@19c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 28@29c, and prime Western and Penna at 38@45c. Cheese—Sales at 16½@18c. Eggs sell at 32@33c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been quiet. About 900 bales of Middlings sold at 25@26c for Uplands, and 26@27c for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $2@6 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of Apples at 7@12c, Peaches at 14½@15c for halves, 11@11½c for quarters, and 16@22c ₱ lb for pared.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

THE supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 8@9 cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 70 ₱ head. Sheep—18,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5c ₱ lb. 4700 Hogs sold at from $12,50 to 13,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Dandruff can be killed by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE; also Irritation of the Scalp.

The Bowen Microscope,
Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 30 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.
jc27-tf

MAGNETIC Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-3m

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CHAPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-cowtf

"How Chilly the Evenings in October!"

This is a common remark, yet how few think of the danger of exposing themselves to their influence? In all low, marshy localities Ague and Fever prevail at this season of the year. In this disease there is invariably more or less derangement of the liver and digestive organs. The remedies usually resorted to have reference to preventing the paroxysm or breaking up the chills. If this is effected without removing the cause, a relapse is inevitable. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS strike directly at the foundation of the evil, by acting on the liver and correcting digestion. The cause being removed, the paroxysm will cease, and the chills cannot return. When the patient is weak and debilitated, the BITTERS should be resorted to, as they will strengthen and tone the stomach, allay all nervous irritation, and infuse renewed animation into the hitherto drooping spirits, without entailing the danger of reaction.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is truly a preventive medicine, rendering even the feeblest frame impervious to all malarious influences; and, as a stomachic and anti-bilious medicine it is incomparable, and no one who values his health can afford to do without it. Fortify the system with this inestimable tonic and invigorant, and the "Chills of October Evenings" will have no terror for you. oct2-3t

HUNT'S COUNT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.10. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-12t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Let no sufferer from chronic dyspepsia or liver disease despair; this remedy will inevitably perform the task the doctor has abandoned, and restore the patient to health.

B. T. BARRITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.
Family and *Toilet Soaps*. The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated*.
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BARRITT. feb22-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of Sept., by the Rev. John H. Castle, Mr. WILLIAM H. WRIGHT to Miss LOU M. FIFE, both of this city.

On the 25th of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. RICHARD CRANKSHAW to Miss MARY E. SNOW, both of Frankford, Pa.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. GEORGE W. FOX to Miss CLARA T. WALL, daughter of the late Saml. Wall, both of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CHARLES R. LACY to Miss MINNIE L. HUBBS, both of Lood's Point, Atlantic county, N. J.

On the 14th of July, by the Rev. Dr. Suddards, Mr. EDWARD GILES to Miss MARTHA A. CARTY, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. ANDREW HAMILTON to Miss CLARA LEWIS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st instant, CASPER SOUDER, Jr., in his 40th year.

On the 20th instant, Mr. TYLER L. COWARD, in his 42d year.

On the 20th instant, GEORGE W. WOODWARD, in his 27th year.

On the 19th instant, THOMAS ARMSTRONG, Sr., in his 82d year.

On the 19th instant, JOHN HAVILAND, Sr., aged 70 years.

On the 18th instant, ANN, widow of the late Jesse Sellers, aged 81 years.

On the 18th instant, Mr. WILLIAM ALMOND, in his 78th year.

On the 17th instant, JANE B., wife of Thos. Housman, in her 32d year.

On the 17th instant, MARY, wife of Martin D. Perkins, in her 28th year.

THE LILAC.

BY W. W. STORY.

The lilac bush is in blossom,
  It hath the balmy smell
Of that dear delicious summer
  Of love's first miracle;
I feel as I breathe its fragrance,
  The old enchanting pain,
The sweet insatiate longing,
  Thrill through my heart and brain.

O youth, youth, youth!—where are you?
  I call, but you come no more;
I weep, but afar you mock me,
  And you laugh when I implore:
Yet you hide within the lilac;
  With an odor you shoot me through,
And a whiff of the odor you fling me
  That is better than all the new.

How proudly we struggled to leave you
  When you implored us to stay!
How bitterly grieve to regain you,
  When once you have fled away!
Too late, too late, we love you,
  And long for your laugh of surprise,
And we only truly can see you
  With manhood's tears in our eyes.

You flung your arms around me
  And pelted me with flowers;
You clung to me as we wandered
  Among those lilac bowers;
You kissed me, half-laughing, half-crying,
  Beseeching me to remain;
But impatient I shook you from me—
  And you never will come again.

Your lilacs are ever blooming
  In happy gardens of play,
But they love you not who have you,
  And fain they would flee away;
They long for the fields of freedom,
  Where the fruit of ambition grows,
And for manhood's heights that are lifted
  Against a sky of rose.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
AUTHOR OF "HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY," "THE DEAD MAN'S RULE," &c.

Meeting St. George at dinner, he gazed at her reflectively, but with eyes which were only cognizant of the fact that she was Lady Chalcedon and a very beautiful woman. Sir Francis, who did not seem particularly pleased to renew his acquaintance with Mr. Althorpe, sat by his lady's side, and frowned off St. George's eyes whenever they turned toward her. That the baronet should be jealous of his young wife, was not surprising to St. George, and as he was not easily alarmed, even when two eyes shone like daggers above a fierce moustache, he contemplated my lady's lovely face at his pleasure, without appearing rude to the object of his gaze, whose lashes were lowered persistently over her plate, although she ate very little, and that daintily. The gentleman who was seated on her other side spoke to her, and turning her face to him she gave St. George her profile. He started and spilled over a glass of wine. She spoke in reply to the remark addressed to her, and St. George grew red and pale in an instant. She met his eyes, and saw recognition in them. With a mighty effort she controlled herself so far as to look steadily at him with the glance of one who sees a stranger. Then she turned to Sir Francis and said a few words to him, smiling as she spoke. St. George's suspicion died in an instant, and she, turning again, saw its last struggle.

"It is impossible," he said to himself, "a slight resemblance in a profile often occurs, and *she* never could have looked at me in that way after having written that letter."

The poor martyr opposite him, beautiful in her torture as was Joan of Arc at the stake to which she was condemned by military bigots and priestly fools, saw him turn to Estella, and seem to forget while gazing into her Spanish eyes the vision which had tormented him in the face of Lady Chalcedon. But he only *seemed* to forget, for, during the evening he lingered near her, and though seldom speaking with her, listened attentively to all she said, and continued to observe her with serious eyes. That the resemblance which he traced to his lost love should attract him to herself was very sweet to poor Geralda, for it proved to her that she was not forgotten; and she looked upon him as the dead, if cognizant of aught on earth, must look on those who with loving hands plant flowers on their beloved graves. Each was dead to the other—but there would be a Resurection.

Geralda was very glad of the confusion and want of opportunity for continued thought attendant upon the various rehearsals and preparations of costumes for the opera, drama and tableaux arranged for the holidays. She never allowed herself to be alone an instant, and in studying and singing her parts, in looking over jewels and laces, and trying their effect with the different dresses which her roles required, she banished that miserable tendency to dwell upon harassing subjects which is the lot of those who being unhappy are also unemployed—and dreaded the time when the cessation of excitement should give space for thought.

It was Christmas-tide, and the holly, with its dark, shining leaves, and scarlet, wax-like berries, was twined in wreaths for the long mirrors and old paintings, whose rich tints seemed richer and deeper by the contrast, and hung in garlands on the antique panellings, and from the high arch which connected the two long drawing-rooms. The great fireplace was ruddy with generous flame, and its ruby glow showed to Lady Chalcedon the pale, greenish berries of the mystic mistletoe which hung from the gilded base of the chandelier. She had left the others to finish the decorations of the little church, and stolen home to be by herself for a little while on the eve of the birthday of our Lord before going to the evening service. But alas for poor humanity! the pious and tender thoughts that had been her guests during the walk home gave place to earthly ones as she caught sight of the mistletoe, and recalled the first time that she had been kissed under its mysterious branches. It was when she was almost a child, and the recollection of the well-lighted parlors and joyous faces of her young companions, mingled strangely as she mused with thoughts of the old Druids, their groves of giant oaks, and the mighty arch of Stonehenge. As she was standing thus, thinking and looking upward, in the glow of the red firelight, some one came in from the hall and paused at her side. She started when she saw that it was St. George.

"I did not mean to startle you," said he.

"I was thinking of the Druids," said she. "What grand old heathen they were, notwithstanding the stain of certain cruel rites of which those great sacrificial stones were the altars."

"You looked as inspired as Norma, and in spite of a slight feeling of awe at the sight of your evident exaltation above all mundane influences, I thought of other rites more peaceful, and equally interesting."

"Oh! the osculations! What a profanation of the mysterious influences of the sacred plant!"

"May I always be profane then."

"Amen," said my lady lightly; and in an instant St. George had kissed her.

She blushed such a burning red over cheek, forehead, and even her slender throat, that he thought her angry, and hastened to apologize.

"Forgive me—but it is customary at this season when one is standing under the mistletoe."

"I did not know that I stood under it," said she. She was thrilling all over from the simple contact of a pair of lips.

"You should not say 'amen' to the prayers of the wicked," said he.

But she turned away, and went up stairs to hide her sweet shame.

Ernestine, couched in the capacious depths of a great arm-chair, which was hidden in the shadows of the farther drawing-room, had witnessed this pretty scene with jealous eyes and a stifling sensation of anger; not that she cared for St. George, but she was greedy of admiration, and could obtain none in the presence of her beautiful step-mother; neither could she forget that once she had thought St. George her own, and had more than half suspected that Geralda had interfered with her claims. She arose, shook out her rustling skirts, and went forward to where St. George was standing before the grate looking into it with absent eyes. Even in the red light of the fire she could see that he blushed slightly as he became aware of her presence, and glanced uneasily down the shadowy vista that she had quitted.

"I was the only one there," she said, as if in reply to his thoughts.

"Where?" said St. George, quietly, though he felt the insulting intimation her remark conveyed.

"Oh! the place from which I witnessed that pretty caress."

"*Kiss*, you mean," said he, coolly.

Ernestine patted her foot on the floor, and compressed her lips.

"I wonder what Sir Francis would have said, if he had seen it," said she.

"I think he would have said, 'The devil!'" said St. George.

"I think it a very singular proceeding—"

"Oh! irascible old gentlemen will swear occasionally, but they don't mean any harm by it," said St. George.

"I don't understand you," said Ernestine, who was so angry that she could think of nothing more to the point.

"I must be very stupid," murmured St. George, languidly.

"It would not be polite for me to agree with *you*," said Ernestine, who was now standing under the mistletoe, and if St. George had taken advantage of the liberty thus afforded him, her jealousy might have been appeased, but he stood motionless, regarding her with an aggravating half smile.

"Lady England," said he, "all this virtuous indignation about a kiss given under the mistletoe, is simply absurd. It is so universal a custom, that it never causes any remark."

"But when two persons are alone together?"

"If the lady is pretty enough to tempt the gentleman, I can see no objection."

Ernestine grew scarlet. *She* was under the mistletoe, and he had not offered to kiss *her*; this implied that he did not think her pretty enough. She tossed her head and walked out of the room. Although she was not one to have many brilliant inspirations, a plan of revenge upon both Geralda and St. George occurred to her while the latter was speaking, and she resolved to bide her time.

We will pass over the anthems and rejoicings of Christmas, the presentation of the little opera which inaugurated the holiday merry makings, and met with unbounded applause, and proceed to the play, in which Ernestine's meditated vengeance was to blossom in full flower, and change the relative positions of the actors on my little stage.

The play was, as has been before mentioned, of the time of Louis XIV., and the plot was this:

The Count de Guiche, exiled to his estates by the king's pleasure, amuses himself by falling in love with a pretty peasant on his property, but unfortunately finds his heart as deeply engaged as his vanity, and resolves upon a secret marriage. As the priest is about to pronounce them man and wife, an express arrives from the king, bringing the count's pardon and the royal command to return instantly to the Court. His majesty has a young and beautiful heiress in ward whose hand he designs to bestow upon the young nobleman as a salve for his exile, which had been the result of causeless jealousy.

The count, forgetting the native graces of his rustic beauty, becomes enamored of the polished loveliness of the heiress, and the wedding is celebrated with great pomp. The news is broken to the peasant girl by the priest who had partly married her to the count, and in the midst of the storm of grief which overwhelms her, he informed her that she is no peasant, but the daughter of a powerful nobleman, who has acknowledged her and sent to reclaim her from her low estate. She is taken to the Court, appointed maid of honor to the queen, and when the Count and Countess de Guiche return, they find Mademoiselle d'Este the reigning star. The count does not recognize her in her magnificent dress and the pride of her bearing, but is haunted by a resemblance to his peasant love, and his fickle heart, forgetting his marriage vows, is laid at the feet of the beautiful maid of honor. She receives his advances with mingled contempt and anger, and informs him that on the morrow she will be the wife of the Marquis de Lange.

The countess, who has discovered not only that her husband no longer loves her, but the direction of his thoughts, confides her grief to her confessor, the same priest who had so nearly solemnized the marriage between the count and the peasant. He makes known to her the former connection between her husband and Mademoiselle d'Este, and she rushes to the maid of honor, who assures her that the count is unaware of her identity, and that her present dislike of him is as great as was her former love. The countess meditates revenge, and when the Marquis de Lange appears at the Court with his bride, the countess introduces the marchioness to the count by her peasant name.

The title of the play was, "*He who will not when he may, cannot when he would.*"

There was quite a nice little theatre at The Larches, and Lord Fordham had sent to London for new scenery and dresses for himself and sisters, but he found his own elegant costume quite overpowered by St. George's dress as the Count de Guiche. It was of garnet-colored velvet and white satin, embroidered with silver, and had a broad blue ribbon passed across the breast, like a baldric, on which were sewn all Mrs. Elliott's diamonds, which were of superb size and perfect purity. Magnificent old lace formed his collar and frills, and fell over the ribbons that tied his silk stockings at the knees, and his shoes were of white kid with diamond buckles. In the first scene this splendid and courtly figure was seen in the peasant's kitchen with Geralda, who wore a coquettish short skirt, had her hair braided under a little cap, and her charming little feet in shoes of scarlet leather, with broad silver buckles.

The acting called forth repeated and hearty applause from the aristocratic audience, particularly when the count was about to part from his half-wedded wife, and she clung to him in grief which could find no vent in words until he tore himself from her, when she turned to the old priest, saying, "Father, pray for me that I may be patient."

The Court scene was very effective and quite a blaze of jewels, and Ernestine as the heiress was very striking in amber-colored satin, with a black velvet train, looped back with jewelled aigrettes. Then the curtain fell and rose again upon the despair of the poor peasant, whose tears and wild exclamations are hushed by the priest's communication of her real birth, when the pride of the young noble restrains all outward expression of sorrow as she says, "I am, then, his equal—no, I am his superior," meaning that no deceit had ever blemished her honor.

When she appeared at the Court as the maid of honor, the dress that she wore had been chosen with reference to St. George's asseveration that he knew her favorite combination of colors to be rose and blue, and consisted of a rose-colored satin petticoat, over which was worn a blue satin train, embroidered with silver, her jewels being opals, which combine the tints of rose and azure, and which were set in diamonds. In this costume, her fair hair arranged in the fashion of the day, in large curls that clustered around the shoulders and fell low over the forehead, she was so exquisite that the admiration which her appearance excited was testified by loud and repeated clappings from the audience, to which she responded by a capital burlesque of the stage obeisance, and the play proceeded, admirably acted, until the very climax, when the Countess de Guiche presents the Marchioness de Lange to the count by the name which she had borne as the peasant girl. The countess says, "Monsieur, I present to you, madame, the Marchioness de Lange, whom you once knew as Jacqueline of La Brise."

Ernestine repeated these words in clear, emphatic tones, and then added in a low voice, "*and whom you, Mr. Althorpe, knew as Mrs. Halford, alias the Dragon.*"

If St. George had doubted for an instant, the white horror of Geralda's face would have convinced him. Incredulity and surprise successively expressed themselves in his face, and then followed miserable certainty, and his first and most natural action was to turn away and cover his face with his hands, that he might not look upon her whom he had doubly lost in finding. This superior acting (?) called forth a tempest of applause, which gave him time to recover his presence of mind and voice to say, as was required by his part, "*Madame, I can never forget that once you loved me.*"

Both he and Geralda bowed mechanically as the curtain fell, and then, as if all her powers deserted her at once, Lady Chalcedon slid to the floor, where she lay senseless, her long hair scattered wildly over her trailing robes and lifeless outstretched arms, so white under the mockery of their sparkling gems.

Ernestine, who had not seen that she fainted, ran out in her stage dress and went to her father, who had not left his seat, although the greater part of the audience was now in motion.

"Papa," said Ernestine, leaning one hand on his shoulder and bending over him, "you remember that letter Geralda wrote to you, in which she said that she loved some one else?"

"You know that I do. What of it?"

"Well, papa, I have found out who it is. It is Mr. Althorpe, he kissed her the other night in the drawing-room."

The baronet made no reply to this information, and his daughter looked at him impatiently, for she had anticipated an angry explosion, with disastrous consequences to the offenders; but Sir Francis sat quite still, looking straight before him, with a troubled stare, a dull, cloudy red creeping up his smooth, white forehead. Then she stretched out one hand with a wild cry, half shriek, half laughter, as her father fell heavily against her, pushing her into a kneeling position, his head resting on her shoulder, and half hidden by the long locks of her loosened hair. A physician who was present raised him and unfastened his cravat, loosening the collar of his shirt. A few moments' grave examination of pulse and heart resulted in the verdict—Apoplexy.

EPILOGUE.

It might be a Madonna, by Raffael, the beautiful young mother, with one child on her lap and the other clinging to her dress as she stands by her side, in the precise attitude of the child St. John, in the Madonna of the Chair. But the husband's black, curling locks are by no means like those of the middle-aged Joseph, and there is too little of heaven in the dark eyes of the young wife.

"Mamma," the boy at her side says, "why does papa call you a dragon? Dragons are ugly."

"I will tell you a story," mamma says. "Once upon a time there was a dragon, an ugly, horrible dragon, all covered with black scales, (papa laughs) and with glaring eyes and sharp teeth which would eat one up in a minute. Well, there came a beautiful angel with glittering armor—('Like the armor in the hall?' the boy asks, and mamma says 'Yes.') and he had curling hair and blue eyes, just like papa's, and he took his sharp spear and bored the writhing dragon through and through."

"Did he die, mamma?"

"Yes, he died, and out of his ugly scales there rose a very charming young lady, with whom the handsome young St. George was so delighted that he took her straight with him to his own home."

"In heaven, mamma?"

"In a heaven on earth, my darling."

The boy wonders why papa and mamma laugh while there are glittering tears in their eyes, and what papa means when he says, "After all, Geralda, St. George *did* conquer the dragon." THE END.

COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

Dear little bare feet,
  Dimpled and white,
In your long night-gown
  Wrapped for the night,
Come let me count all
  Your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
  Of a shell or a rose!

One is a lady
  That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby,
  And three is a nun;
Four is a lily
  With innocent breast;
And five is a birdie
  Asleep on her nest.

The Maiden's Peril.

We have heard many remarkable stories of the agility, audacity, and superhuman strength of the orang-outang, but nothing so extraordinary as the following, which a recent traveller says he heard from good authority while in Batavia:

"Lieutenant Shoch, of the Dutch East-India army, was on a march with a small detachment of troops and coolies, on the southern coast of Borneo. He had encamped on one occasion, during the noonday heat, on the banks of one of the small tributaries of the Bangarmassin. The lieutenant had with him his domestic establishment, which included his daughter—a playful and interesting girl of the age of thirteen.

"One day, while wandering in the jungle, beyond the prescribed limits of the camp, and having, from the oppressive heat, loosened her garments and thrown them off almost to nudity, the beauty of her person excited the notice of an orang-outang, who sprang upon her and carried her off. Her piercing screams rang through the forest to the ears of her dozing protectors, and roused every man in the camp. The swift, barefooted coolies were foremost in pursuit; and now the cry rings in the agonized father's ears that his daughter is devoured by a bian-stang—again, that an orang-outang, has carried her off. He rushes, half frenzied, with the whole company, to the thicket whence the screams proceeded—and there, among the topmost limbs of an enormous banyan, the father beheld his daughter, naked, bleeding, and struggling in the grasp of a powerful orang-outang, which held her tightly, yet easily, with one arm, while he sprang lightly from limb to limb, as if wholly unencumbered. It was vain to think of shooting the monster, so agile was he. The Dyak coolies, knowing the habits of the orang-outang, and knowing that he will always plunge into the nearest stream when hard pressed, began a system of operations to drive him into the water. They set up a great shout, throwing missiles of all kinds, and agitating the underbrush, while some proceeded to ascend the tree. By the redoubled exertions of the whole company the monster was driven toward the water, yet still holding tightly to the poor girl.

"At last the monster and his victim were seen on an outstretching limb overhanging the stream; the coolies, who are among the expertest swimmers in the world, immediately lined the banks; the soldiers continued the outcries and throwing of missiles. He clasped his prize more tightly, took a survey of the water and of his upward-gazing enemies, and then leaped into the flood below. He had hardly touched the water ere fifty resolute swimmers plunged in pursuit. As he rises, a dozen human arms are reached out toward him: he is grasped; others lay hold upon the insensible girl; the orang-outang used both arms in self-defence; and, after lacerating the bodies of some of the coolies with his powerful, nervous claws, finally succeeded in diving beyond his pursuers and in escaping down the stream, while bleeding, insensible Lodah was restored to the arms of her father and nurse, in whose hands she was ultimately restored to consciousness, health and strength once more."

Hobby Horical Parents.

We knew a mother whose fanaticism in the virtues of cold water were such, that she gave her first born a drenching every morning, until it was fairly thrown into convulsions at the very sight of the preparations; finally dying of epilepsy, after years of suffering.

Frederika Bremer says that her father nearly starved his children to death, under the influence of vagaries in reference to keeping down the animal, and elevating the spiritual nature, by means of a spare diet.

Under the influence of the hallucination that the very first indication of stubbornness on the part of the child should be subdued by all means, a man of education, in the year of grace 1866, beat his son, of two years old, to death with a shingle, because the child would not say its prayers.

A parent discovered that a little child of five years of age was afraid to sleep in a room alone; and thinking it a mere notion, put the little innocent to bed, put out the light, locked the door and went away; on visiting the room late at night, the child was found to have died in a fit; the eyes had started from the sockets, as it were, as if the poor little thing had been horror struck.

Another barbarism is compelling children to eat fat meat, or lean meat or any other article of food, for which there is not only no relish, but an unconquerable antipathy. The instincts of a child should be respected, because they are implanted in its very nature for its well being, as in the animal creation; we might as wisely try to make a kitten eat white beans or compel a chicken to drink salt water; never war against the instincts of the child; lead rather than drive; persuade, rather than punish; convince, rather than convict; lose your right arm rather than take advantage of its unresisting helplessness; bear rather than beat, remembering that "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ Health is a mint that constantly sends out its golden coin of opportunities and power.

Dog-Driving.

Dogs take the place of horses in some parts of Siberia, as well as in Greenland, and it requires no slight skill to drive them. In Putnam's Magazine a humorous sketch is given, by a writer who was ambitious to manage a team of dogs, of his first attempt at dog-driving. He says:

I had been studying attentively for several weeks the art or science, whichever it be, of dog-driving, with the laudable ambition of attaining distinction among the natives, in the capacity of a *kiour*.

I had watched every motion of my Korak driver, had learned theoretically the manner of thrusting the spiked stick between the uprights of the runners into the snow to act as a brake, had committed to memory and practised assiduously the guttural monosyllables which meant in dog language "right" and "left," as well as many others which did not, but which I had heard addressed to dogs; and I "laid the flattering unction to my soul" that I could drive as well as a Korak, if not better.

On this day, therefore, as the road was good and the weather propitious, I decided to put my ideas to the test of practice. I accordingly motioned my Korak driver to take a back seat and deliver up to me the insignia of office. I observed in the expression of his lips, as he handed me the spiked stick, a sort of latent smile of ridicule, which indicated a very low estimate of my dog-driving abilities; but I treated it as Knowledge should always treat Ignorance, with silent contempt; and seating myself firmly astride the sledge back of the arch, I shouted to the dogs—

"*Noo! Pashol!*"

My voice failed to produce the startling effect which I had anticipated. The leader—a grim, bluff Nestor of a dog—glanced carelessly over his shoulder, and very perceptibly slackened his pace.

This sudden and marked disregard for my authority on the part of the dogs did more than all the sneers of the Koraks to shake my confidence in my own skill. But my resources were not yet exhausted; I hurled monosyllable, dissyllable, and polysyllable at their devoted heads—shouted, "*Ach! te shebna! proclataya takaya! Smatree ya tibi dam!*" but all in vain. The dogs were evidently insensible to rhetorical fireworks of this description, and manifested their indifference by a still slower gait.

As I poured out upon them the last vial of my verbal wrath, Dodd, my companion, who understood the language which I was so recklessly using, drove slowly up, and remarked, carelessly:

"You swear pretty well for a beginner."

Had the ground opened beneath me, I should have been less astonished.

"Swear! I swear! You don't mean to say that I've been swearing?"

"Certainly you *have*, like a pirate."

I dropped my spiked stick in dismay.

"Why, you reckless reprobate," I exclaimed, impressively, "didn't you teach me those words yourself?"

"Certainly I did," was the unabashed reply; "but you didn't ask me what they meant; you asked how to pronounce them correctly, and I told you."

Dodd laughed derisively, and drove on. This little circumstance considerably damped my enthusiasm, and made me very cautious in my use of foreign language.

The dogs, quick to observe any lack of attention on the part of their driver, now took encouragement from my silence, and exhibited a doggish propensity to stop and rest, which they would not have dared to do with an experienced driver.

Determined to vindicate my authority by more forcible measures, I launched my spiked stick like a harpoon at the leader, intending to have it fall so that I could pick it up as the sledge passed. The dog, however, dodged it cleverly, and it rolled away ten feet from the road.

Just at that moment three or four wild reindeer bounded out from behind a little rise of ground three or four hundred yards away, and galloped across the steppe towards a deep precipitous ravine, through which ran a branch of the Mukina River.

The dogs, true to their wolfish instincts, started with fierce, excited howls in pursuit. I made a frantic grasp at my spiked stick as we rushed past, but failed to reach it, and away we went toward the ravine, the sledge half the time on one runner, and rebounding from the hard snow-drifts with a force which suggested speedy dislocation of one's joints.

The Korak, with more discernment than I had given him credit for, had rolled off the sledge several seconds before, and a backward glance showed a miscellaneous bundle of legs and arms still revolving rapidly over the snow in my wake.

I had no time, however, with ruin staring me in the face, to commiserate his misfortune. My energies were all devoted to checking the terrific speed with which we were approaching the ravine. Without the spiked stick I was perfectly helpless, and in a moment we were on the brink.

I shut my eyes, clung tightly to the arch, and took the plunge. About half-way down, the descent became suddenly steeper, and the lead-dog swerved to one side, bringing the sledge around like the lash of a whip, overturning it, and shooting me with catapultic velocity through the air into a deep, soft drift of snow at the bottom.

I must have fallen at least eighteen feet, for I buried myself entirely, with the exception of my lower extremities, which, projecting above the snow, kicked a faint signal for rescue.

Encumbered with heavy furs, I extricated myself with difficulty; and as I at last emerged, I saw the round, leering face of my late driver grinning at me through the bushes on the edge of the bluff.

"*Ooma*," he hailed.

"Well," replied the snowy figure standing waist-high in the drift.

"*Amerikanski nyett dobra kiour, eh?*" (American no good driver.)

"*Nyett sofsem dobra*," was the melancholy reply, as I waded out.

The sledge, I found, had become entangled in the bushes near me, and the dogs were all howling in chorus, nearly wild with the restraint.

I was so far satisfied with my experiment, that I did not desire to repeat it at present, and made no objections to the Korak's assuming again his old position.

☞ It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics, that when statesmen get into place, they often get oblivious to their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

☞ Tennyson will print his longest poem yet before the end of the year.

THREE OLD SAWS.

If the world seems cold to you,
  Kindle fires to warm it;
Let their comfort hide from view
  Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
  To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
  "Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
  Go, build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
  On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight;
  Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
  Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
  Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears,
  Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
  Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
  Blends with Hope's bright river.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

We will now resume our story again at the point where we broke off. Don Melchior, after his short appearance in the saloon, hastily proceeded to a retired suite of rooms in the right wing of the hacienda. We will precede him and go in a few minutes before him.

This suite only consisted of two rooms, furnished with that severe luxury which the Spaniards so well understand, and which is appropriate to their grave and melancholy character. The first room, serving as withdrawing-room, was hung with stamped Cordovan leather. Oak chairs, which had grown black with time, and were also covered with leather, were drawn up against the walls. In the centre of the room was a table, over which a green cloth was thrown. A crucifix of yellow ivory, three feet high, before which stood a curiously carved oak prie-dieu, faced one of those enormous Louis XIII. clocks, whose case could easily have contained a man, and, in a corner, was a species of oratory, surmounted by a white marble statue of the Virgin of Suffering, whose brow was girt with a crown of white roses, while before it burned a silver lamp, shaped like a censer, and suspended from the ceiling by a chain.

In this room, which looked more like an oratory than a drawing-room, and which opened on a bed-room, the furniture of which was extremely plain, two ladies were seated near the window, and conversing in a low voice, at the moment when the exigencies of our narrative compel us to join them. Of these two, one had passed the age of thirty—that critical period for Spanish women; but although her face was pale as marble, and her features were worn with sorrow, it was easy to perceive that she must have been very lovely once. The person who kept her company was a light-haired, graceful, pale, and delicate girl. She was endowed with the ideal and dreamy beauty which renders painters desperate and which German poets have alone been able to describe. In her calm, pensive features were found again the dreamy, restless, and chaste physiognomy of Goethe's Marguerite, and the intoxicating and impassioned smile of Schiller's pale creations.

These two ladies were mother and daughter. Dona Emilia de Saldibar and Dona Diana. Their dress, through its severe simplicity, harmonized perfectly with the expression of sorrow and melancholy spread over their whole persons. They wore long gowns of black velvet, without embroidery or ornaments, fastened round the waist by girdles of the same color. A rebozo of black lace covered their neck and chest, and could, if necessary, be thrown over their heads, and hide their faces. They were conversing in a low voice, looking out now and then absently into the courtyard, in which were assembled the numerous peons of the haciendaros who had responded to Don Annibal's summons.

"No," Dona Emilia said, "no, my child, it is better to remain silent, for this information is anything but positive."

"Still, mother," the young lady answered, "the man seemed thoroughly acquainted with the whole story; and it appears to me, on the contrary—"

"You are wrong, Diana," her mother interrupted, with some sternness in her voice. "I know better than you what should be done under the circumstances. Be careful, Nina. You take the affair too much to heart, and let yourself be carried away."

The girl blushed, and bit her lips.

"You know how I love you, my child," Dona Emilia continued directly; "so do not try to thwart what I do, as you are well aware I have but one object, your happiness, so let me act as I think proper."

"My dear mother!" the young lady said affectionately.

"Yes," Dona Emilia replied with a cold smile, "I am your dear mother when I yield to your importunities."

"Oh, do not say that, mother! you know what deep love I have for you."

"Yes I know it, and I know too that I do not alone occupy your heart."

Dona Diana turned her head away to hide the blush that suffused her face at this remark; but her mother did not notice this emotion, and continued, as if speaking to herself, instead of addressing her daughter—

"But why should I complain? Ought it not always to be so? Woman is born to love, as the bird is to fly in the air. Love, my poor, dear child; for love constitutes a woman's entire life, for it enables her to learn joy and sorrow."

Her voice gradually grew weaker, and these words were spoken indistinctly. There was a rather long silence, which the girl did not venture to disturb by an indiscreet question. Respecting the sorrowful reverie into which her mother had fallen, her eyes were fixed more attentively on the courtyard. All at once she started.

"Ah!" she said, at once glad and troubled, "here is Don Melchior."

"What did you say, Nina?" her mother asked, raising her head eagerly. "I think you mentioned the name of Don Melchior?"

"Yes, I did, mother," she answered timidly.

"Well, what did you say about him?"

"Nothing, mother, except that I just saw him in the yard, and I think he is coming here."

"He will be welcome, for I am anxiously expecting him. So soon as he comes in, Nina, you will be good enough to retire to your bed-room, and not come back till I call you. I have important matters to discuss with this young man, which it is unnecessary for you to hear."

"You shall be obeyed, mother," the young lady said as she rose. "I hear his footstep in the corridor, so I will withdraw, for he will be here directly."

"Go, my child; I shall soon recall you."

The girl bent over her mother, whose forehead she kissed, and ran away, light as a bird, at the moment when two raps on the door announced a visitor. Dona Emilia waited till the door of her daughter's bed-room was closed, and then cried, "Come in!" The door swung back slowly on its hinges, and Melchior appeared. So soon as the young man entered the room he doffed his hat, and walked respectfully toward Dona Emilia, who, without leaving her seat by the window, half turned and made him a sign to approach.

"You did me the honor of sending for me, madam," he said, as he stopped three or four yards from Dona Emilia.

"Yes, caballero," she replied. "You know that I have been absent from the hacienda for several days, and only returned a few hours ago; consequently I am ignorant of all that is going on, and thought you could give me the information I desire."

"You know, madam, that I am completely at your service for anything you may please to order."

"I doubt neither your courtesy nor your devotion, Don Melchior, and I think I have given you sufficient proof of that."

"Madam," the young man answered warmly, "your kindness to me has known no bounds. I feel for you the veneration I should have for a mother, for you have acted as such to me."

"I did what my religion commanded for an abandoned orphan. But enough on this head: tell me what there is new at the hacienda."

"When you left the house without warning me, contrary to your habit, madam, to get ready to accompany you, I was at first very sad, for I was afraid that I had displeased you; then, on reflection, and after seeking in my mind what the motive could be that urged you to exile me from your presence, I supposed that I should be more useful to you here than if I followed you."

"Quite right," she answered, with a smile. "Go on; but first sit down here by my side," she added, affectionately.

The young man bowed respectfully, and took the chair pointed out to him.

"I need not tell you, madam," he continued, "what is the motive of this day's meeting, or who the persons present are."

"No, pass over that."

"But among these persons there is one whose presence you are assuredly far from suspecting."

"Who is it?"

"Father Sandoval."

"Father Sandoval!" she exclaimed, with a start. "Impossible! he is a prisoner of the Spaniards."

"It is he, madam."

"That is strange. How is it that I have not been informed of his presence?"

"He arrived at the hacienda with Don Aurelio Gutierrez."

"But I was close to Don Aurelio: he only had with him Yankee or Canadian woodrangers and two Mexican peons."

"Well, madam, one of those peons was no other than Father Sandoval. The reverend father thought it wise to assume this disguise in order, probably, more easily to escape the Spanish spies."

"Yes, that must have been the reason; prudence commanded him to act so. Go on."

"Father Sandoval has made himself known to all our adherents, and has been unanimously elected their chief."

"In truth, he alone possesses sufficient influence over the haughty haciendaros to command them. And what measures have been adopted?"

"Pardon me, madam, but I must tell you of another person whose presence was neither expected nor desired, and who arrived suddenly."

"The Count de Melgosa, I suppose. I was aware that he was coming. He was doubtless the bearer of some tremendous message. Has he gone again?"

"Not yet, madam; he will not leave the hacienda till sunrise to-morrow, accompanied by Colonel Don Oliver Clary, one of the Canadian adventurers brought by Don Aurelio, whom Father Sandoval has entrusted with his answer to the governor's manifesto."

"Very good, we have time before us; we will set out to-night. You will accompany us, Melchior; so be careful that everything is prepared for midnight, and our departure kept secret."

"You shall be obeyed, madam."

"And the mayor-domo?"

This question was asked in a tone which showed what importance Dona Emilia attached to it.

"Still impenetrable, madam," he answered; "ever full of zeal and devotion. His conduct does not offer the slightest pretext to suspect him of treachery."

"Strange," she murmured; "still it is evident to me that this man is a traitor, and playing a double part. How can I unmask him? Oh, a proof, a proof, however slight it be. Still it cannot always be so; heaven will not permit it. Patience, patience! I thank you, Don Melchior, for the zeal you have displayed: continue to be faithful. Now you can withdraw."

The young man rose.

"Madam," he ventured, timidly, "will you allow me to ask you question."

"Speak."

"I have not had the happiness," he continued, with hesitation, "to see Dona Diana since her return. I trust that the fatigue she must have felt has not made her ill, and that her precious health is still good."

Dona Emilia frowned, and a cloud of dissatisfaction spread over her face; but at once recovering herself, she replied, gently—

"Dona Diana is well, Melchior."

"Oh, all the better, madam," he said, with an outburst of passionate joy which he could not repress.

Then, bowing deeply to Dona Emilia, he fell back to leave the room.

"Poor boy!" Dona Emilia murmured, as she looked after him."

At the moment when he reached the door, she called him back.

"I forgot," she said; "be kind enough to tell Father Sandoval that, if his occupations permit, I should like to speak with him for a few moments after oraglon this evening."

"I will tell him, madam. Have you any further commands for me?"

"No, you can go."

The young man bowed for the last time, and went out. Dona Emilia was hardly alone ere her daughter rushed from her bed-room, and ran up to her.

"Well," she said, "what is the meaning of this, Nina? Why have you come without being called?"

"Oh, mother," she answered, as she threw herself into her arms, "forgive me, but I was suffering too greatly."

Dona Emilia recoiled, and looked her daughter in the face.

"What is the meaning of these words, senorita!" she said to her, sternly. "To what are you alluding?"

The girl, ashamed of the confession she had allowed to escape her, buried her head in her hands, and burst into tears.

"Diana, Diana!" her mother said, with ineffable sadness, as she drew her daughter gently to her heart, "you are preparing great suffering both for yourself and me."

"Mother!" she murmured, with a sob.

"Silence, Nina!" Dona Emilia quickly interrupted, "do not add a word which might, perhaps, cause irreparable misfortunes. I know nothing, and wish to know nothing. Dry those tears which burn my heart, and take your place again by my side."

"Yes, mother," she answered, in a voice choked by sobs and trying to obey.

"Diana!" Dona Emilia continued presently, in a firm voice, "remember that we have a mission of vengeance to accomplish against the Indians, and that they are the cause of the terrible misfortunes which have overwhelmed us."

These words were uttered in a tone which admitted of no reply. The maiden shuddered and hung her head sadly with no strength to answer. Her mother regarded her for a moment with an expression of pity, love, and grief impossible to describe, and pointed to the statue of the Virgin placed in a corner of the room.

"Pray to her who has drunk to the dregs the bitter cup of sorrow; she will have pity on you and give you the necessary courage to endure the grief which overwhelms you."

The maiden rose slowly; she went to the chapel, and kneeling down piously before the statue, to which she raised her tear-laden eyes, she prayed fervently; then, at a sign from her mother, she withdrew to her bed-room. In the evening, Dona Emilia had a conversation with Father Sandoval, which was carried on far into the night. This conversation, doubtless, very important, but which we will not describe here, left a sweet and consoling impression on the mind of Dona Emilia, for her features grew calmer, and, before retiring to rest, she gave her daughter's pale forehead a kiss full of maternal tenderness, as she murmured in a low voice—

"Hope!"

The girl started in her sleep, and a faint smile played round her rosy lips.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SORTIE.

In all the countries of Spanish America the heat is so stifling during mid-day, that the wise plan has been adopted of only travelling in the morning and evening; that is to say, from sunrise till about half-past eleven, and from five in the afternoon till midnight. In this way travelling is rendered far more convenient and less fatiguing for travellers as well as for animals.

About ten o'clock at night, with the exception of the bivouac fires lighted by the peons congregated in the yards and gardens, all the lights were extinguished in turn in the hacienda, and a deep silence soon reigned in this house, which, however, contained a thousand persons, while a much larger number were temporarily quartered round it. All were asleep, or seemed to sleep, with the exception of a few sentries standing motionless on the walls, and who stood out distinctly in the bright moonlight. The night, which was calm and starlit, was only disturbed by that indistinct murmur which is never extinct, either in city or desert, and is the incessantly ascending flood of life. At times a distant growl, or a half stifled bark, showed that the wild beasts had left their hidden dens and were wandering about the forest in search of prey.

All at once, on the side where the walls were the highest and rose perpendicularly over the precipice, a door was cautiously opened. Through its position over the precipice, this door could not be seen by the sentries, and the three persons who stepped through it one after the other, ran no risk of being perceived. These persons, who seemed perfectly acquainted with the dangerous road they were entering on, carefully closed the gate after them, and clinging to some projections probably arranged to facilitate the descent, descended the cliff without any hesitation, stopping at times to draw breath, or look inquiringly around them. The descent was a long one, for it could not be performed directly, and the bold adventurers were compelled to keep to their left, and often to march parallel with the gulf; but at length they reached the bottom without accident, and took a few minutes' rest by the side of a stream which ran silently at their feet.

Nearly opposite the spot where the bold adventurers reached the bottom of the abyss, was the yawning mouth of a natural cavern. After taking a parting glance above their heads, as if to feel certain that no one had noticed their departure, and that the same tranquillity continued to prevail in the hacienda, they disappeared in the grotto. Then the person who marched last took off his zarape, which he held before the opening, while one of his companions struck a light and lit a torch of ocote wood, a considerable pile of which was collected in a hole of the rock. By the glare of the torch, which suddenly cast a reddish tinge over the interior of the grotto, a spy would have easily recognized in these three persons, Dona Emilia, her daughter, and Don Melchior.

When Dona Emilia, who held the torch, had gone far enough to prevent the light from being seen from the outside, Don Melchior pulled down his zarape, and went off in his turn. The grotto had such numerous and sudden turns, that any stranger whom chance conducted to it would have been infallibly lost, and Dona Emilia and her companions must have known it for a long time when they ventured to enter it. After walking for about ten minutes, our friends reached a species of hall, on to which six passages opened, which ran in diametrically opposite directions probably for a great distance. This hall formed a rather large room, in which were several clumsily made *equipales*, a rickety table, and a sort of rack fastened to the wall, and filled with weapons of every description, lances, daggers, machetes, pistols, and muskets, with bullet bags of tapir hide and buffalo horns full of powder.

Three horses with eyes full of fire were lying on thick litter, and vigorously munching their stock of alfalfa. On seeing their owners, they gave a neigh of pleasure, and got up as if impatient to leave their dark stable. Don Melchior fetched the saddles, which were carefully arranged on a bench, and after rubbing down the noble animals he began saddling them without a moment's delay. Five minutes later, each of them, holding their horse by the bridle, left the circular hall, and after some turnings reached the mouth of the grotto. This opening, perfectly concealed by shrubs, led to a rarely visited arm of the Rio del Norte; the water flowed up to the very entrance of the cavern, which in the rainy season it penetrated, which rendered all investigation impossible on this side at least, and insured the secrecy of this hiding-place.

After parting the branches, the horses were led through, and Don Melchior again concealed the fissure by which they passed out. The travellers mounted and entered the river, following the water-course till they reached a somewhat distant sandy point on which they landed. They found themselves in the heart of a dense forest, and all signs of cultivation had disappeared.

"Now," Dona Emilia said, with a peculiar smile, as she drew up her reins and leant over her horse's neck, "forward, and in heaven's name!"

ENTERING THE GROTTO.

These were the first words uttered since leaving the hacienda; the horses started at a gallop and disappeared beneath the foliage. We will leave Dona Emilia for a season and return to the Hacienda del Bario.

The two Canadians, as we have already stated, lay down on the ground, where they at once fell asleep. The Sumach could not have stated how long he had been slumbering, when he felt his shoulder slightly tapped. Adventurers and woodrangers, owing to the mode of life they lead, have an excessively light sleep; the adventurer at once opened his eyes and saw a man leaning over him with a finger laid on his lip as if urging silence on him.

"Quick," this person whispered; "get up and follow me."

"Well," the Canadian said to himself, "I have heard that where there is a mystery there is gold to be gained; it is a fine time to assure one's self of the truth of the statement."

Without displaying the slightest surprise, the Sumach or Oliver, whichever the reader likes to call him, rose from his humble couch, carefully wrapped himself in his zarape to guard against the night dew, and after making certain that his pistols were still in his girdle, and that his knife moved easily in its sheath, he followed his mysterious conductor without any hesitation. The latter, to whom the hacienda appeared familiar, led him through several passages and apartments feebly lighted by smoking candils fastened to the wall, into a room of small dimensions, completely devoid of furniture, with the exception of two equipales and a table. This stranger, who was wrapped up in a large cloak that completely concealed his features, opened a dark lantern, took a glance round the room, shut the door, placed the light on the table, sat down, and made the Canadian a sign to imitate him.

"Sit down and let us talk," he said.

The adventurer bowed; then, with the utmost coolness, he laid his pistols on the table within reach, seated himself, and rested his head on his hands, looking cunningly the while at the stranger.

"I am quite ready to talk."

"Why do you take this precaution?" the other said, pointing to the pistols.

"Hang it," he said, "for a very simple reason; it is that I may have an argument handy to convince you, should our conversation grow warm."

The stranger began laughing.

"You are prudent," he said.

"Prudence is the mother of safety," the Canadian answered, sententiously.

"I do not blame you," the stranger continued, still laughing. "I am free to confess, indeed, that I am delighted to see you behave thus.

"In that case, all is for the best."

"As for me, look," he said, as he opened his cloak. "I have not so much as a pin about me."

"That is easy to comprehend," said the adventurer, "for you are at home."

"What do you mean?" the stranger asked, in surprise. "What do you know about it?"

"I mean that you are in your own country, while I am a foreigner; that is all."

"Ah, very good; but in order to reassure you completely, and prove to you that I wish to deal above-board with you, look at me," he said, as he took off the broad-brimmed hat which concealed his face.

"Father Sandoval!" the Canadian exclaimed in surprise, recognizing the priest.

"Silence!" the latter said quickly. "Not so loud. Have you forgotten that our interview must be secret?"

The Canadian silently shook his head, and, uncocking his pistols, returned them to his belt.

"Why do you frown so?" the priest asked him, after examining him attentively. "Are you vexed at recognizing me?"

"Oh, no, it is not that," he answered.

"What is it, then?"

"On my word, I confess that I am trying in vain to discover what you, a person I do not know, have so secret and important to say to me."

"Are you sure of that?"

"How, sure of it?" he exclaimed, with surprise.

"Yes," the priest remarked, with a smile.

"Hang it," he said, "unless I have seen you in a dream, I am ready to swear that we meet to-day for the first time."

"Look at me closely, my friend," he said. "Will you really swear that you never saw me before?"

The Canadian, more and more surprised at this pressing, leant over to the singular speaker, and, taking up the lantern, made a careful inspection of him, which Don Pelagio permitted with the best possible grace. At the expiration of a moment, the adventurer deposited the lantern on the table again, and scratched his head with an embarrassed air.

"It is strange," he said. "I now fancy that you may be in the right. Certain of your features, to which I did not at first pay attention, are familiar to me, though it is perfectly impossible for me to recollect how or when chance brought us together, if, as you insist on assuring me, we have already met."

"I do not say that we were positively acquainted, but we have met, and remained together for two hours."

"Listen to me. I do not doubt your word, for I do not see what motive you could have in trying to make a fool of me. You appear to be too sober-minded a man for such jokes. Explain yourself frankly, for that will be the only way to settle the matter.

"I see that I must do so. I should have liked to avoid it, because I shall now appear to be compelling you to carry out a promise, by asking of you what I wished to obtain solely from your honor and good heart."

"My worthy father, you are becoming most mysterious, and I really do not know how all this will end."

"One word will give you the clue."

"Say it, then, at once, for deuce take me if I am not as curious as an old woman at this moment."

"Have you forgotten the Beaver-pond and the sumach to which the Pawnee Indians fastened you, after smearing you with honey?"

The adventurer smote his forehead violently, and hurriedly rising, seized the priest's hand.

"Viva Dios!" he exclaimed warmly. "Where could my brains be, that I should forget the features of the Christian who so generously saved me from a horrible death? My good father, forgive me; my eyes alone were guilty, for I have ever remembered you from the moment when you rendered me this immense service at the risk of your life."

Father Sandoval cordially returned the adventurer's squeeze, but he remained silent for a moment, with his eyes obsti-

nately fixed on him, as if trying to read his most secret thoughts.

"What!" the Canadian said hotly, "could you doubt me? I am only a poor devil of an adventurer, it is true, but I consider myself a man. We wood-rangers, if we are rather quick at the use of the knife and in shooting an enemy, know better than town-folk, perhaps, how to retain the recollection of an act of kindness. Speak, father, speak without fear. Whatever you bid me I will do. I belong to you, body and soul. I repeat that I am entirely yours; hence, do not be afraid about explaining yourself frankly, for I shall catch your meaning at a word."

"Indeed!" the priest at length answered. "Why should I doubt you? You have given me no cause to suspect your loyalty. Moreover, what I wish to ask of you, Don Oliver, is only conditional. I merely desire to make sure of your assistance in case of need, that is all."

"Speak, speak; have I not told you that you can count on me?"

"Well, so be it. This is what I expect of you. You are going to start in the morning. The mission I have intrusted to you is a dangerous one, though I have strong reasons for believing that you will get out of it safe and sound; but that is not the point at the present moment. You are about to start, I repeat; no one knows how long you may remain absent. For my part, I shall probably be obliged to push forward. Give me your word that, on whatever day or hour I need you, whatever you may be doing, when you receive a message from me summoning you, give me your word to abandon everything instantly, and run to my help, to aid me to the utmost of your power in the accomplishment of what I have resolved on, and without asking me for an explanation, however grave or terrible the matter in which I ask your support may be. Do you promise me this? Do not answer hastily; reflect before pledging your word, for the engagement you are going to make is serious, and may entail consequences which it is impossible to foresee."

The Canadian listened to these words with visible impatience. When Father Sandoval ended, he shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Why so much beating about the bush?" he said. "I am yours. You ask for my word, and I give it. Now, may heaven grant me the opportunity of fulfilling my pledge."

"Thanks! I trust, I repeat, that I may not be constrained to have recourse to you. Still, we are bound to take our precautions. In case of my being forced to send a messenger to you, take half this ring. The apparently most faithful man may, at a given moment, become a traitor; and I have learned the truth of that by sad experience. You will only follow the man who hands you the other half of this ring, and says, 'The hour is come—the master waits.' You will ask this man no questions, for he will be unable to answer you, as he will know nothing. Have you thoroughly understood me? Is this arranged?"

"All right. I understand you," the Canadian replied, as he carefully stowed away the half ring the priest gave him. "Have you any further recommendations to give me?"

"No. We must part now. Follow me."

They rose and left the room. After some time the Canadian found himself again at the spot where Moonshine was lying. Father Sandoval gave the adventurer a parting sign to be discreet, and went away.

"Hum!" the Sumach said, as he examined the sky, "I have not much time to lose, if I want a little rest before starting."

After this reflection, he lay down again by the side of his comrade, who still slept, and almost directly fell himself into deep slumber. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Elopements in Paris.

It will doubtless be interesting to some of our readers to learn how they do elopements in Paris. They are not rare, but they are rarely so prolonged as to attract notice. A few hours on the railway bring the guilty pair to their senses. A sprightly writer says this conversation frequently takes place in the outward trains:—

"Hortense, have you measured all the depth of the abyss in which you are about to plunge?"

"My dear Henri, that is the very question I was about to ask you. At this moment I was measuring it, and it seems bottomless to me."

The gentleman then timidly suggests—

"Hortense, at the next station there is a buffet, and the train stops eight minutes. It is still time; let us hearken to reason's voice."

"Henri, you are the best of men. None but you join so much judgment and so much love. But you forget our baggage. My collar and sleeves are already rumpled."

"The telegraph will set all right; we may send twenty words for two francs. The return train goes by at 3.35. If anybody asks you where you have been, tell them you were to see the cathedral. Take care of the steps. Do you love me still, Hortense? Do you consider my suggestions an act of prudence, dictated by the love I bear you?"

"Indeed I do, Henri; I love you more than ever. You are an angel. Have you my parasol? 'Twas in the netting."

The runaways return. The world suspects nothing wrong.

The Virtues of Borax.

The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linens so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on the toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentrifice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda as a cooling beverage.

☞ A wealthy man in St. Louis paid his taxes by a check of ten thousand dollars on a banking-house. The collector did not present the check the day it was drawn, and the next day the bankers failed. The collector has sued the gentleman for his taxes, and the courts have decided that a check is not a legal tender for debt.

Chance Acquaintances;

AN ADVENTURE IN LONDON.

In February last year I came to London for the day, on business which took me into the city. Having accomplished the purpose of my visit more quickly than I expected, I was strolling leisurely along St. Paul's Churchyard, with a view of working my way into the Strand. The time of day was something after twelve at noon, and of all the busy stream of people that flowed city-ward or ebbed past me, it seemed that I was the only loiterer. A man, however, walking nearly as slowly as I, seeing me smoking as he passed, at last stopped and asked for a light. I gave him a match. He fell back a little out of the stream of traffic into the shelter of a shop window corner, to light his cigar in peace. He was a short man, about six and thirty, with brown beard and whiskers, face a trifle marked with small-pox, well dressed, of gentlemanly appearance, and spoke with a strong (indeed, much too strong) American twang.

As I continued my stroll, I soon became aware that I was followed by this gentleman. The slower I walked, the slower he walked. It is not comfortable to be followed, so I pulled up to let him pass. Instead of doing so, he no sooner came up with me, than he pulled up too.

He set his head just a thought out of the perpendicular, and looking me full in the face said, "Guess this is a tall city? Rather tangled to get about in, though? Now, it ain't like Philadelphy, where our critters knew what they was going at before they begun to build, and ruled all the streets straight ahead in right lines. No, sir."

"No?" I said curtly, and was moving on.

"No, sir," he continued, walking by my side, "and its useless for a stranger in yure city to give his mind to going anywhere, for he ain't likely to get there. Now if it ain't re-ude of a stranger asking it, because he *is* a stranger (and *we* know how to treat strangers in our country, sir,) where air you going to? Happen you can put me in the way where I'm goin' to."

"I am making for the Strand," I said; "if your way lies in that direction I can show it to you; if not, I can tell you how to find it."

"Just where I'm castin' about to get to," he returned; "my moorins is at a hotel opposite Somerset House, and as soon as I get into the Strand I can fix myself right up. So I'll just couple on to you."

I allowed him to do so. I hinted that I had no wish to show discourtesy to a citizen of that great nation to which he belonged. My companion had plenty to say. He rattled on about the states being this and the states being that, so that it was needless for me to do any more talking than an occasional interjection of surprise or satisfaction, each of which was acknowledged with a "Yes, sir," or a "No, sir," completely final. He told me he had only been in England for a fortnight—just taken a run over to see the old country—and should be back in New York again in a couple of months.

When we had passed through Temple Bar, I told him he could be in no further doubt as to his way, since he was now in the Strand.

"I'm considerable obliged," he said. "I'll do as much for you when you come to New York. But you ain't going to part company like that?"

I had freed my arm and held out my hand to wish him good-morning.

"You'll just do a spell?" he continued.

"A what?" said I.

"Du I not make myself clear to the British intellect? Reckon you'll liquor?"

No, I reckoned, I had rather be excused.

"Wal," he said, chewing his cigar so that it assumed a rotary motion, and its point described a circle over his face. "Wal, sir, it's a custom we hev in our country, and we think it rather scaly manners to refuse. Reckon you Britishers do *not* think it scaly to slight a friend's hospitality in the street. We *du*."

As he persisted in regarding my refusal almost in the light of a personal insult, and would not listen to any explanation that we do not regard the declining of "drinks" in a similar light in our own country, I yielded the point.

We retraced our steps a short distance, and entered a wine store on the city side of Temple Bar—a very respectable place, where wines are drawn from the wood. Small round marble tables and light chairs are dispersed about the shop for the convenience of customers. Here my companion compounded a drink of soda water and gin and lemon and ginger, of which he wished me to partake. I declined the mixture, and took a glass of sherry. We might have sat five minutes, when a tall and important-looking personage lounged into the wine-shop. As he entered he cast a supercilious look upon all the occupants of the tables; then, raising his head, he removed his cigar and emitted a long column of smoke from his lips as a contemptuous verdict of lofty disapproval on the society he had joined. He was well dressed—irreproachably, so far as the quality and cut of his clothes were concerned; but they seemed to assert that conscious independence of their wearer that new clothes will assert over a person who has been up all night. His black hair and small moustache were scrupulously well arranged, but his eyes blinked in the daylight, seemingly for want of a night's rest.

He sauntered up to our table and emitted another superior column of smoke over our heads.

"Know this swell?" my Yankee friend whispered.

I shook my head.

"Thought he might be a member of yure Congress, or a tailor's advertisement, or some other nob."

There was a spare chair at our table, and the person thus irreverently alluded to, after some time spent in mentally estimating the relative merits of the other vacant chairs, appeared to prevail on himself to take it and sit down.

"Spree, last night," he condescended to say presently. "Champagne supper and things till all was blue."

"Very pretty tipple," said my American friend.

"Ya-as. Then coming home with some fellahs we saw a Hansom waiting outside a doctor's door, and we chained the man's cab to an iron post."

"Man cuss much?"

"Bay Jove, ya'as. Doctor damning the cabman and swearing he should be late, cabby cutting into his horse like forty thousand, and couldn't tell what was up."

"Will you liquor?" inquired my American friend.

"No; 'pon m' word, you know—you'll allow me. Walter, bottle of champagne!"

"Wal, reckon I'm not particular, so as we du liquor. (Original Champagne Charlie," the American whispered to me.)

The swell put his hand in his breast pocket and carelessly drew out a roll of notes, one of which he changed to pay for the champagne.

My American friend nudged me and raised his eyebrows.

"You'll excuse me, stranger," he said, "but if I was in yure place I would take care of those notes and not keep 'em in a breast pocket, nor yet flash 'em about."

"Oh," said the swell, "I always carry them so."

"Then maybe you don't live in London, *sir?*"

"Oh, bay Jove, no. The fact is, my uncle has lately died and left me a fine property down in Essex, and till the lawyers have settled up I came to have a flutter in town."

"Then you'll excuse me, once again, but if I was in yure place I wouldn't flutter my notes," and the American appealed to me for justification. "Ye see you never know what company you may be in."

I thought *I* knew what company *I* was in, but I didn't say so.

"Aw! for that matter," said the swell. "I know I am always safe in the company of gentlemen."

"That's correct. But heow do you tell a gentlemen from a coon?"

"Well, I think a man's a gentleman—aw—if he's got money in his pocket."

"Happen you're right. But heow much money must a man have in his pocket to prove him a gentleman?"

"Nothing less than five pund," said the swell.

"Wal, I dunno. But, for my part, I shouldn't like you to think you were talking with any one but a gentleman as far as I'm concerned," and my American friend produced his purse.

"Aw," said the swell, before he opened it, "bay Jove, I'll bet you a new hat you haven't got five pund in your purse."

"Done with you!" said my esteemed friend. And, on exhibiting his purse, he showed nearly thirty sovereigns, as well as I could judge.

"Aw, then I've lost, and I owe you a hat. Aw, here is my card." He handed it to us both. Frederick Church, Esquire.

I was impressed with the notion that the faces of both these men were somehow familiar to me.

The American nudged me again, and bestowed upon me an encouraging wink.

"Reckon now you won't bet my friend here hasn't got five sovereigns about him?" He nudged me again.

"Ya'as I will," said Mr. Church, languidly. "I often do it for a lark. I am generally right twice out of three times."

I said that I didn't bet.

"Aw, well, some people don't. I wouldn't persuade anybody 'm sure. Sure to lose in the long run. Bay Jove I know *I* do. But just for the sport of the thing, I don't mind standing a new hat if you've got five pund about you. Your friend shall be a witness. It's all right, you know, among gentlemen."

I produced my purse. It contained about seven pounds in gold and silver. I also had about me a gold watch and chain, a ring or two, and a shirt pin. I observed just the faintest sign of an interchange of intelligence between my companions.

"Ah, lost again," Mr. Church remarked; "well, can't be helped! Another bottle of champagne."

This bottle my American friend insisted on paying for. I drank very little.

"Really, you know," Mr. Church remarked over the new bottle, "most singular thing—aw, three fellahs, perfect strangers, should meet like this—and all of us strange to London. Bay Jove. You're from the North (I had told them so, which was true), I'm from the East, and our friend and American brother, aw, if I may call him so, is from the West. Tell you what. As soon as ever the lawyers have done up my business, you shall both come down to my place in Essex and see me. Jolly good welcome and deuced good shooting. You shoot? course?" turning to my American friend.

"Sheute? Wal, a small piece. I was lieutenant in General Sherman's army for three yeeres, and very pretty sheutin' we had. Conclude you mean rifle sheutin'?"

"Oh, no; shooting game," Mr. Church explained.

"You don't du rifle sheutin', then?"

"Bay Jove, no. I only shoot pheasants and partridges and all that sort of thing."

"Reckon yu're a good shot, perhaps?"

"No, nothing uncommon."

"Wal, how many times d'yu conclude yu'd hit the bull's-eye out of twenty *with* a rifle?"

"Oh, aw. I suppose sixteen," said Mr. Church.

"Bet you ten dollars you don't hit it fourteen."

"Done."

"Very good, *sir*. My friend here shall be umpire." This was I.

"Oh, no; bang it! He's a friend of yours—that's not fair. Have the landlord." Thus Mr. Church.

The American explained that the landlord could not leave his business, and that I was only an acquaintance of half an hour, and could not be prejudiced either way. So, with some apparent reluctance, Mr. Church consented.

The next thing was, where should we go "to sheute off the affair," as my American friend put it.

"I know there's a place Westminster way," he said. "I know there is, 'cause the volunteers sheute there."

I told him no—the volunteers did not shoot at Westminster, but only paraded.

"I mean a gallery," he said. "I know I had a sheute there with one or tew volunteers last week, but I couldn't find the place again."

"Call a cab," suggested Church. "Cabby 'll be sure to know."

"Where to, sir?" the cabman asked Church.

"Westminster Palace Hotel," he replied.

I was in a cab with two men whose object was to rob me, and I was being driven whither they directed. However, I was not going to be cowed at riding alone with two thieves through the crowded London streets in broad day, and I was bent on disappointing them. As we rode on, they pretended ignorance of the various buildings we passed. I pointed out Somerset House, the Charing Cross Hotel, National Gallery, Whitehall, &c.

Arrived at Westminster, Mr. Church dismissed the cab. We could walk the rest of the way, he said, and the cabman had told him where the shooting-gallery was. The two walked one on either side of me. We came to a dirty back street immediately behind the Westminster Palace Hotel, down that, and to the right—a dirtier street still. I said this was a strange situation for a shooting gallery.

"It was all right when you got there," Mr. Church said; "it was kept very snug."

At the lower end of this street, I was not at all ill-pleased to see a policeman talking to a woman. I tried my utmost to catch his eye as we passed, but without success. We turned down a third street of slimy houses, with here and there the filthy red curtain of a low public house. Sharp round the corner into a blind alley. A dank, greasy, brick wall blocked the other end of the place, so I knew we had reached our destination. Scarcely more than one of the dilapidated wooden houses in the alley showed outward signs of being tenanted; decayed shutters were nailed up to the windows; the whole frontage was smothered in filth and grime. The most villainous-looking public house I ever set my eyes on was the last house but one, nearest the wall.

"That's the gallery," said Church.

"Reckon it is," said my American friend. "That's the identical crib where I made some fine sheutin' last week. Come along."

I followed them to the door. A woman went out as they entered. "Go and fetch —— and ——," two names I could not catch, I overheard Church whisper. The men went in first, I following. The beer-shop bar was a filthy room, about six feet square, on the right as we entered, with only a window to serve beer through. The passage was long. About three yards down it was a partition with a half door, very strong. I saw, too, that it had a strong hasp or catch to it, without a handle, so that, once past that, a victim was shut in, like a mouse in a trap. I stopped there.

"Come along, and look sharp," said my American friend, with less twang than before; "here's the gallery," and he opened a door on the left.

I looked in at that open door. I saw a strong room or cell, seven feet square, as near as I can judge—nothing but bare brick walls, no window (it was lighted for the moment from the passage,) and deep sawdust on the floor. Both the men were beside the door standing half in light and half in shadow.

"Harry the Maid and Churcher," I said, "I know you both. It won't do, and you have lost valuable time!" I slammed the half door to gain a moment's time from pursuit, and took to my heels. I had been in the court in Worcester when those two men were tried for card-sharpening. I never slackened pace until I came upon the policeman, who was still talking to the woman.

"Policeman," I said, "I think I can put you on two people you want, perhaps—Harry the Maid and Churcher."

"Harry the Maid," he replied, "is the greatest card-sharper in England, and Churcher is the tip-toe of skittle sharps; but that's not their only trade."

I told him of my adventure, and how I had tried to arrest his attention as I passed.

"Look you here, sir," he said, "as you've got away alive, and with your clothes on, from those two, just you be very thankful for having done well, and don't ask for anything more. If you *had* caught my eye as you passed, *I* wouldn't have gone into that crib after you—no, nor yet if there had been two more along with me. If we want a man out of that place, we go ten and a dozen strong, and even then it's a risk."

"But, supposing I had really been a simple countryman, and passed that half door and gone into the trap?" I asked.

"*If* you had come out any more, it would have been in your shirt," replied the policeman.

The Chemistry of Furniture.

Young housekeepers do not always understand the theory of the chemical and mechanical action of different substances on articles of furniture. The substances from which furniture is chiefly exposed to injury are water, oils, alcohols, and acids. Acids act on marble. Marble is itself composed of carbonate of lime; that is, it is a compound of carbonic acid and lime. Now, the carbonic acid has a comparatively weak affinity for lime, and most other acids will prevail over it and take its place when brought in contact with it, thus destroying the texture of the stone, liberating the carbonic acid, and leaving nitrate of lime, or muriate of lime, or sulphate, or acetate of lime, as the case may be, in the form of a white powder, in its place. But oils, alcohols, and water produce no effect on marble. All varnished or polished surfaces of wood on the other hand, while not injured usually by acids, are attacked by alcohol. Varnishes are composed of different gums and resins, which are generally soluble in alcohol. Many of them are made by dissolving the material in alcohol so as to liquify them, and then, when they are applied, the alcohol evaporates, leaving the gum or resin in a thin, even coating over the surface. If now any alcoholic substance comes upon such a surface, whether it be alcohol itself, as used for lamps or spirits of any kind, or even wine, which contains but a small per centage of alcohol, a portion of it is dissolved, and the brilliancy of the surface is destroyed. Oils will not attack either marbles or varnished surfaces, and will do no injury except to naked wood or other porous substances which admit them into the pores, from which they cannot afterwards be easily expelled. Water affects no substances except such as have open pores exposed, in which case it enters and causes the substance to swell, or such as are soluble in water, as glue in joints, and mucilage or gum arabic, used sometimes for attaching superficial ornaments to fancy work.

☞ George Stark, of Nashua, N. H., has in his artificial pond at least five hundred trout which will weigh from one-half to two and a-half pounds each. Of ten thousand eggs deposited last March, only one thousand failed to hatch.

☞ At a recent election in Prague, a speaker, in proposing the candidate of the Bohemian Central Committee, concluded as follows: "Now every one of you take a ballot and a shilling. Those who are in favor of B——— will put their ballots in the box; those who are opposed will put in the shilling." Result—unanimous election of B———.

☞ HOMER.—A professor in the Dublin University has lately discovered that Homer's name was originally O'Meagher, which became abbreviated into O'Mer, which was erroneously pronounced Ho'mer by the English cockneys, and finally came to be written Homer.

☞ It is rumored, says Punch, that Calcraft is engaged in compiling a history of hanging to the date of the abolition of public executions. He intends to call it "The Decline of the British Hemp-ire."

BASE BALL.

The noon-day sun was pouring down
Upon a meadow sere and brown,
Where stood a youth with bat on high;
Loud to his comrades rang the cry,
"Base ball!"

He hopes to win himself a name,
By playing soon "a great match game;"
For him 't will be the greatest fun
To hear the words "Live Oaks have won."
"Base ball!"

His brow was bumped, his eye was black,
His coat was torn from off his back;
But still, like battered bugle rung
The accents of that swollen tongue,
"Base ball!"

Around the field he saw the light
Of friendly faces beaming bright,
Just by his head a ball has flown,
And from his lips escapes a groan,
"Base ball!"

"Now stop the game," the old man said,
"The 'second base' has smashed his head,
The 'pitcher,' too, has sprained his wrist,
The 'umpire's' brain is in a mist."
"Base ball!"

"Oh, drop that ball!" the maiden said,
"And make a long 'home run' instead."
A "hot ball" hit him in the eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
"Base ball!"

"Beware! you'll soon be out on foul!"
This was the "fielder's" awful howl!
But still re-echoed in his ear,
In that deep voice, so thick and queer,
"Base ball!"

"Used up," he sank upon the ground,
While pitying comrades gathered round.
And in the awful throes of death,
He murmured, with his latest breath,
"Base ball!"

There on the cold earth, drear and gray,
To perfect jelly smashed, he lay,
While o'er the summer fields afar,
Was heard the victor's loud huzza,
"Base ball!"

☞ One who has ciphered it out, says that two cents placed on compound interest would accumulate sufficiently to pay our national debt in four hundred and fifty-six years. Why don't some one "fund" the two cents?

☞ A nurse in Genoa poisoned a lady whom she was attending, in order to secure half a dozen handkerchiefs promised to her in case of the patient's death.

☞ A new extravagance has been imported into some houses in Fifth Avenue, namely, the use of Cashmere shawls as a covering for furniture.

☞ If a man has got any religion worth the having, he will do his duty and not make a fuss about it. It is the empty kettle that rattles.

☞ When a dog gets his head fastened in a fence, it is unsafe to extricate him, unless you enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance.

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

OFFERS GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1851. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

T. F. PLUNKETT, President.

BENJ. CHICKERING, Secretary.

JACOB L. GREENE, Asst. Sec'y.

Assets $1,000,000
Annual Income 500,000

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 29 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $[illegible].

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.

An Annual Payment Life Policy is NOT forfeited by failure to pay Premium when due, but it is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.

All Endowment and Limited Payment Life Policies are entitled to a "PAID UP NON-FORFEITABLE POLICY," after ONE Annual Premium has been paid.

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General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
329 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. SMITH, M. D., Medical Examiner.
feb8-1y 815 SPRUCE St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.

A NEW GLEE BOOK.—THE GREETING.—A collection of Glees, Quartette, Choruses, Part-Songs, &c. By L. O. Emerson. Author of "The Jubilate," "Harp of Judah," "Golden Wreath," "Merry Chimes," &c.

Upwards of half a million copies of Mr. Emerson's Music Books have been sold, a fact proving a popularity which has rewarded no other author of the same class of books and which cannot fail to insure for this new volume an immense sale. The contents of this work are, for the most part, new. A large number of valuable pieces have been contributed by Mr. L. H. Southard, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. The marked feature of the collection are originality, brilliancy and variety; and it will be found, upon careful examination, that there is no glee book now before the public that in every particular will prove so completely satisfactory to musical societies and conventions, conservatories, clubs and amateur singers. Price, $1.38. Mailed, post-paid.

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277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

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"PENN LETTER-BOOK,"

a new method of copying letters without Press or Water, thereby saving time, labor, and expense. Full directions accompany each book. It recommends itself, and fills a long-felt want, being adapted to merchants, lawyers, doctors, commercial travellers, ministers, authors, mechanics, farmers, &c. Price, $4.25 and upward. Send for terms, with descriptive circulars, testimonials, &c. Address P. GARRETT & CO., No. 702 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., or No. 122 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill. oct24-3t

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

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THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

EDITED BY GRACE GREENWOOD,

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IN THE GOLDEN STATE.

THE

Emigrant Homestead Association

OF CALIFORNIA.

Incorporated under the laws of the State, November 30th, 1867, for the purpose of providing

HOME FOR ITS MEMBERS

and to encourage emigration.

CAPITAL STOCK $1,000,000.

Divided into 200,000 shares at $5 each, payable in

U. S. CURRENCY.

Certificates of stock issued to subscribers immediately upon receipt of the money.

NO PERSON ALLOWED TO HOLD MORE THAN FIVE SHARES.

A circular containing a full description of the property to be distributed among the shareholders will be sent to any address upon receipt of stamps to cover return postage.

Information as to price of land in any portion of the State, or upon any other subject of interest to parties proposing to emigrate, will be cheerfully furnished upon receipt of stamps for postage.

All letters should be addressed

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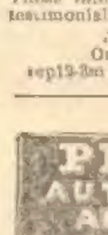

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CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. oct24-4t

AGENTS WANTED FOR

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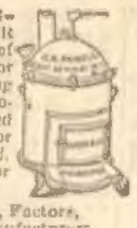

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AND MELODEONS.
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Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap

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ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
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Being practically acquainted with the system of catching the Fur-bearing animals, I have published receipts setting forth the best modes known for catching the Fox, Wolf, Beaver, Otter, Fisher, Martin and Mink. Also, receipts for making the best scents known to draw the above animals to the traps. Any person in the United States sending me $1.25, American currency, by mail, paid and registered, will receive in return a full set of my receipts, which I have been selling for the past four years, and so far as I am aware they have given general satisfaction. Address P. PENNOCK, Elgin P. O., Leeds Co., Ontario, Canada. oct17-6t

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CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED

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CAUTION.—As some concerns, in this city and other places, imitate our name and style of advertising and doing business, it is important that our friends should be very careful to write our address in full, and also to put on the number of our Post Office Box, as appears in this advertisement. This will prevent their orders from getting into the hands of these *bogus Imitators*.

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For Wigs, Inches.
No. 1.—The round of the head.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.
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Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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The cheapest, most complete and intensely interesting war book published, containing over 500 pages and numerous engravings. Price only $2.75. Send for circular and terms.

Also, FAMILY QUARTO BIBLES, best edition published. WILLIAM FLINT, Publisher, No. 26 South SEVENTH, Philadelphia. aug15-3m

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It was discovered a little over a year since, and immediately won distinction by curing invalids who had tried other springs in vain; and it has now gained a home and European reputation unequalled in so brief a period by any remedial spring in the world.

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It has a healing power, equalled by no other spring known, and analysis shows that it possesses properties found in no other. As there is a liability to confound this with other springs in the same vicinity, the bottles are marked in full, "*Vermont Spring, SAXE & CO., Sheldon, VT.*"

Send for pamphlets.

The water is sold by the principal Druggists, and at the Spring, and by SAXE & CO.,
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Silver Hunting Watches	$18 00
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Every Watch warranted by special certificate from the American Watch Company.

We will send these Watches by Express with bill to collect on delivery to any part of the country, *and give the purchaser the privilege to examine the Watch before paying.*

We have prepared a descriptive price list explaining the different kinds, with prices of each, which we will send to any one on application.

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☞ *Please mention that you saw this in the Saturday Evening Post.*

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We have on hand over half a million dollars' worth of goods. The largest and most valuable stock of Linens, Woolens, Cottons, Flannels, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Meerschaum Pipes, &c., &c., of ANY DOLLAR SALE House in America. We import our own goods, and can sell in large or small quantities at importers' prices. *This never has been done before*, and is causing a complete panic among wholesalers and retailers, wherever our goods are sent. If you wish to buy goods cheap, *Now is the time!* WE ARE BOUND TO SELL! Everything sold at the uniform rate of **One Dollar Each.** Those getting up clubs for other firms will do well to stop where they are, and *send for our Circular.* Our inducements are double those of any other concern.

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For a Club of One Hundred, and $10, presents varying in value from $13 to $25. *Club of Five Hundred, and $50*, presents from $60 to $100. Larger clubs increased in the same ratio. Premiums sent with goods.

Circulars free to any address. Send all money by registered letter or money order. Address

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Successors to A. S. Hardy & Co.,
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have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made toclergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

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$30,000 FOR A FORTUNE.—Every Young Lady or Gentleman who has any desire to accumulate wealth, can have 32 pages of desirable information, and terms to Agents free, by addressing WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. Jersey. my10-6m

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OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equalled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. We are also manufacturing Ladies' and Gents watches of extra fine and superior finish. Price $25. These are fully equal in appearance and time to gold ones costing two hundred dollars. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

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☞ CAUTION.—Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or can make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us. oct3-1m

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

DR. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marsilo Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je23-1y

THE SUCCESS

Of our One Dollar Sale has caused such

A COMPLETE

REVOLUTION

IN TRADE.

That in order to supply the demand occasioned by our constantly increasing **patronage, we have recently made importations for the fall trade, direct from European Manufacturers**

Amounting to Nearly $500,000,

So that we are prepared to sell every description of **Dry and Fancy Goods, Silver Plated Ware, Cutlery, Watches, Albums, Jewelry, &c.**

Of better quality than any other concern in the country for the uniform price of

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE,

With privilege of exchange from a large variety of useful articles, not one of which could be bought for twice the amount in any other way.

☞ The best of Boston and New York references given as to the reliability of our house, and that our business is conducted in the fairest and most legitimate manner possible, and that we give greater value for the money than can be obtained in any other way.

All goods damaged or broken in transportation replaced without charge.

☞ Checks describing articles sold sent to agents in clubs at rates mentioned below. We guarantee every article to cost less than if bought at any Boston or New York wholesale house.

Our Commissions to Agents

Exceed those of every other establishment of the kind,—proof of this can be found in comparing our premiums with those of others you CLUBS OF THE SAME SIZE, in addition to which we claim to give better goods of the same character.

We will send to Agents free of charge,

For a Club of 30 and Three Dollars—One of the following articles: 1 doz. good linen Shirt Fronts. 1 set Solid Gold Studs. All Wool Cashmere for Pants. Fine white Counterpane, large size. 1 elegant Balmoral Skirt. 20 yards brown or bleached Sheeting, good quality, yard wide. 1 elegant 100 Picture Morocco-bound Photo. Album. 1 double lens Stereoscope and 12 Foreign Views. 1 silver plated engraved 5 bottle Castor. 1 elegant Silk Fan, with Ivory or Sandal Wood Frame, feathered edge and spangled. 1 steel Carving Knife and Fork, very best quality, ivory balanced handle. 1 handsome beaded and lined Parasol. 20 yds. good Print. 1 very fine Damask Table Cover. 1 pr. best quality Ladies' Serge Congress Boots. 1 doz. fine Linen Towels. Half doz. Rogers' best Silver Dessert Forks. 1 Ladies' large real Morocco Travelling Bag. 1 fancy dress pattern. Half doz. elegant Silver plated engraved Napkin Rings. 1 doz. Ladies' fine Merino or Cotton Stockings. Gents' heavy chased solid Gold Ring. 1 pr. Ladies' high cut Balmoral Boots. 1 elegant Delaine Dress Pattern. 1 Violin and Bow, in box complete. 1 set Jewelry, pin, ear drops, and sleeve buttons.

For a Club of 50 and Five Dollars—1 black or colored Alpaca Dress Pattern. 1 set Lace Curtains. 1 pr. all Wool Blankets. Engraved Silver plated 6 bottle Revolving Castor. 1 beautiful Writing Desk. 1 solid Gold Scarf Pin. 3¼ yds. very fine Cassimere for Pants and Vest. 1 set Ivory balanced handle Knives with silver plated Forks. 1 elegant Satin Parasol, heavily beaded and lined with silk. 1 pr. gents' Calf Boots. 20 yds. good Print. 20 yds. good brown or bleached Sheeting, yard wide or 40 yds. ¾ yd. wide, good quality. 1 ladies' elegant Morocco Travelling Bag. 1 square Wool Shawl. 1 plain Norwich Poplin Dress pattern. 12½ yds. don. width cloth for ladies' cloak. Elegant engraved Silver plated Tea Pot. 8 yds. double width water proof cloth for cloaking.

For a Club of 100 and Ten Dollars—1 rich Merino or Thibet Dress pattern. 1 pair fine Damask Table Cloths and Napkins to match. 1 pair gents' French Calf Boots. 1 heavy, silver planted engraved Ice Pitcher. Very fine all Wool Cloth for Ladies' Cloak. 1 web very best quality brown or bleached Sheeting. 7¾ yds. fine Cassimere for suit. 1 elegant Poplin Dress pattern. 1 beautiful English Berage shawl. 1 set Ivory balanced handle Knives and Forks. 1 ladies or gents' silver Hunting-case Watch. 1 Bartlett Hand, Portable Sewing Machine. Splendid Family Bible, steel engravings, with record and photograph pages. 25 yds. good Hemp Carpeting, good colors. 1 pair good Marseilles Quilt. 1 good 6 barrel Revolver. 1 elegant for muff and cape. 1 single barrel Shot Gun. 1 silver plated, engraved, 6 bottled Revolving Castor, cut glass bottles. 1 very fine Violin and Bow, in case. 1 set Ivory balanced Knives and Forks.

Presents for larger clubs increase in the same ratio.

Send Money by Registered Letter.

Catalogue of Goods sent to any address **free.**
PARKER & CO.,
oct10-4t Nos. 98 and 100 Summer St., Boston.

500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 740 Broadway, New York. my16-6m

$2000 A YEAR AND EXPENSES TO AGENTS to introduce the *Wilson Sewing Machine. Stitch alike on both sides. Samples on 2 weeks trial.* Extra inducements to experienced agents. For further particulars, address the WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. aug29-13t

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills. sep26-6m

"We challenge investigation from any and all quarters as to the legitimate and straightforward character of our business."

EASTMAN & KENDALL'S

ONE-PRICE SALE.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

It is now a well established fact that no other method brings the MANUFACTURER and CONSUMER so NEAR EACH OTHER as our unrivalled and popular club system of selling all kinds of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS, SILKS, COTTONS, BOOTS & SHOES, WATCHES, SEWING MACHINES, CUTLERY, DRESS GOODS, DOMESTIC GOODS, &c., &c.,

which are actually selling at an average price of **One Dollar for each article.**

THE LADIES

are specially invited to give us a trial.

To parties sending in clubs of from 10 to 1000, we offer better inducements and larger commissions than any other house. Parties now acting as agents for other houses will observe that we offer as commission for a

Club of 30—Twenty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 60—Forty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
Club of 100—Sixty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting, and an equal amount of commission when paid in other goods.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND EXCHANGE LIST.

Our club system of selling is as follows: For $2 we send 20 patent pen fountains and checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each; 30 for $3; 60 for $6; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Larger commission to getter-up of club than is allowed by any other firm. Single fountain and check, 10 cts. Male and female agents wanted. **Send money in Registered Letters.** Send us a trial club and you will acknowledge that you cannot afford to buy goods of any other house thereafter.

N. B. Our sale should NOT be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.
oct17-3m

THE ORIGINAL ONE DOLLAR

BROKER STORE, ESTABLISHED IN 1863.—Our stock, consisting of every variety of DRY and FANCY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, SILVER-PLATED WARE, GLASS WARE, WOOLEN and HEMP CARPETINGS, STRAW MATTINGS, and PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, is of our own importation, or purchased directly from the manufacturers, in large quantities.

☞ We were the first to commence the sale of goods on the popular plan of **ONE DOLLAR for EACH ARTICLE.** Our sales, for the last twelve months, have been about one million dollars.

☞ **Our business has been decided by the Courts of this State, and by the United States authorities, not to be a Lottery, or a Gift Enterprise, but a regular legitimate business.**

Terms of sale for Club of $5, a selection of one of the following articles:—20 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting superior quality. Poplin or Alpaca Dress pattern. Wool Square Shawl. 3¾ yards Doeskin. An 8 day Clock, Seth Thomas' make. 1 pair gent's Calf Boots. White Marseilles Quilt. Silver plated Chased Castor with 6 bottles. A Morocco Photograph Album; 100 pictures. 3 yards 6-4 Wool Cloth. Silver plated Cake Basket. 35 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, common quality. Also, printed notices of 60 articles, for sale at $1 for each article, comprising a variety of articles usually sold at retail at prices from $1.50 to $5 for each article.

For a Club of $10, a selection of one of the following articles:—40 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting, superior quality. Dress patterns, price $10. Wool Long Shawl. Brocha Long Shawl. 3 yards Black German Broad Cloth. Common Sense Sewing Machine, price $18—(these machines will hem, stitch, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid, and embroider, in a most superior manner.) Gent's or Ladies' silver Hunting Case Watch, new. 25 yards Hemp Carpeting. 3 yards Beaver Cloth. 6¾ yards good Doeskin. Silver plated Ice Pitcher. 6 yds. Wool Cloth, double width. 1 pair superior Blankets. 72 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, common quality, and 100 printed notices of articles for sale at $1 each, comprising a variety of articles usually sold at retail from $1.50 to $10 for each article.

☞ FOR ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR, SEND A DRAFT, POSTAL MONEY ORDER, or REGISTERED LETTER. Be sure and direct your letters to

ANDREWS & CO.,
106 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
oct10-4t

POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, now open. For circulars address C. E. HILTON, A. M., GWYNEDD, Montgomery Co., Pa., or apply personally at the College. oct3-2m

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 30 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my3-24t

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS and a 50 cent stamp, redeemable at my office, given every applicant. Male and female agents wanted in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars free, together with the 50 cent stamp by return mail. Sample retailing at $2.25 for 25 cents. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New st., New York City. oct3-6m

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE PILLORIED PATIENT.

Angus McEachan was blest with a liver
That nothing could shake
Or could make
To awake
To a quake
Or the ghost of a shiver,
Or quiver!

Oh, calomel could not correct it,
Horse-exercise did not affect it,
Not a feather moulted,
Though madly 'twas jolted
On horses that bolted
And jibbed and revolted,
Although you might fairly expect it.

But one day an old friend
His condition to mend
Said "The cure for your ills
Is O'Quackaway's pills,
I have uncles and cousins
Who take them by dozens—
By millions and billions
And even tintillions!
At once for a box you must send!"

Angus was charmed! For a box at once sent he,
And in for this splendid new remedy went he!
On the box that he got
Was written, I wot,
"At bedtime take two.
If that doesn't do,
The next night take four.
If that does no more,
The next night take six.
If still in a fix,
The next night take eight.
Should the ill not abate,
The next night take ten,
And if no better then,
Take twelve! To be brief,
Till they brought you relief,
Two more every night
You must take until quite
A long row of numerals greeted your sight;
For, of course, by addition
At last 'twas your mission
To swallow by dint of prolonged deglutition
No less than 7,008,020!

Of the end of the liver of Angus McEachan,
And of how many boxes of pills he has taken,
And whether the liver has ever been shaken,
I'll be blest if I know,
For a long time ago
I was told the whole tale by an intimate friend;
But I fell sound asleep ere he got to the end,
And he'd left for Australia ere I could awaken.

The Real Game of Croquet.

The editor having been so repeatedly asked to settle disputed points at croquet and determine whose rules were in reality those to be adopted, has called together a committee of the players on whom he can most rely to frame rules for universal adoption. By strict attention to the following instructions disputes will be obviated and universal harmony procured:—

1. On attempting to strike the ball scrape the mallet deliberately along the ground and push the ball along with it as far as ever you can reach. When told you are "spooning," make use of coarse and abusive language, and say "that is the way you have always played." This remark will not appear conclusive to the other players, but no doubt will be found to be true.

2. When left far behind through utter inability to get through the first two hoops, seize an opportunity when no one is looking at you or caring for you to place your ball so conveniently near the required hoop that to miss it will be next to an impossibility. If you happen to be caught, blush and then look foolish, endeavoring always to excuse your baseness by the assertion "that you were only just moving it back to where some one had knocked it by accident." Every one will be sure to believe you.

3. If you happen to be a lady—it will be difficult to become one if you are not—and your ball is in a convenient position to be croqueted by an adversary, coolly hide your ball with your petticoats and assume an innocent air. A bashful player will not dream of asking you to move, though he be confident of your treachery. If you can't manage this trick yourself, get a friend to do it for you. The upshot will be found invariably the same.

4. Adopt the rule of the ground whenever it suits your stroke; and when it does not, create a ridiculous disturbance, quoting every insane author who has ever written on the subject, knowing well that the books are not in the house.

5. Take the part of all pretty girls, elderly and demonstrative females and bullying men, whenever disputes arise. You will be sure to get the best of it amongst them.

6. Never play with your own ball, and always out of your turn. It vexes conscientious players and creates diversion.

7. If you happen to be asked to a croquet party, bring your own mallet with you. You will thus avoid being called ridiculous, and snubbed as conceited.

8. When playing a large game, and your turn is approaching, run deliberately away into the house or the shrubbery, or the kitchen garden, or anywhere in fact where you will be sure to keep the large game waiting. Come back and say "You are so sorry," and then watch the faces of your companions.

9. Whenever an opportunity occurs, leave the balls and the mallets on the lawn all night—particularly if the grass be dewy. It improves both considerably.

10. Let all the dogs in the establishment gnaw the croquet balls, and play cricket invariably with the mallets; both will be better for the operation.

11. Always affect ignorance as to the manner of going through the centre twisted hoop. You will naturally be thought a fool.

12. Pertinaciously give advice before every stroke is made, and make yourself generally objectionable.

☞ A Boston baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it only weighs ten ounces.

☞ It is said that the Siamese twins keep away from Chicago because they don't want to be separated.

"DISTANCE LENDS (NO) ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

Edwin arranges to meet his Angelina at the pier-head. He arrives at the south end, she at the north. It is three miles round to *her!*

Johnny Shrimp's Composition on Going to School.

School has begun again. I go to Thirteenth Street school every day. It is a good school. They won't let you play there. I don't whisper more than forty times a day. The teacher says I am a very good boy. I think so too. To be good is not to be found out. Peter Snuffins was a good boy, because he could whisper without moving his mouth. I used to call him Muffins. He has left school and works in a butcher shop. He's going to take me to the slaughter house some day.

I learn a good many things at school. Before I went to school I didn't know half as many tricks as I do now. I have learned how to fight. Bill Stubbs said I was a gump. I said he was another. Bill give me a hit. He called it a "swat." I give him two. He tried to knock me down, and I did tumble. Just then a cop came along. If it hadn't been for that cop I'd have licked Bill. The boys said Bill licked me. But it wasn't so; I slipped down on an orange peel. Besides that, I didn't want to hurt Bill. I like to fight boys that I can lick. Boys that can lick me I don't get into musses with. I ain't afraid of Bill Stubbs.

I learned some grammar at school, and joggerfree. But I learned to play marbles a good deal quicker. Pa says boys ought to learn only what they've got a taste for. I've learned a good deal of 'em.

Ma says that we boys are worked too hard at school. She says her children shan't study when they have headaches. She gave me an excuse when I have a headache. I often have a headache, when the lessons are hard.

I am in class 9 section Q. In a few months I go to college. We used to call it the Free Academy. I want to go to college because the boys there carry canes and have fun, and don't speak to little boys, and can go in torchlight processions.

I've been to a good many schools. Some way I change schools very often. The teachers think a change is good for me. Ma says the New York schools are very poor, and boys don't learn much in them. I think so too. If I didn't have headaches so often I might learn more. But I know a good deal after all. I want to go in a store. Pa says I shall. Ma says I shan't. Ma calls me her precious darling, and says I must have an education. I'd rather have a row-boat; I'm sure if I had a row-boat and went out every day to Hoboken, I wouldn't have headaches so much. I tell ma that schools are very bad for the head. Now I must stop. I want to ask ma for an excuse. We have a long lesson in compound multiplication to-morrow, and my head begins to feel quite bad. I am,

JOHN GEORGE WASHINGTON SHRIMP.

A Western Sermon.

The following unique discourse was delivered to a congregation of Saints, at Salt Lake, by a novitiate, who had labored in one of our new territories:—

Brothers and Sisters,—I have a very practical but searching discourse to bring before you this morning; and one which is of great personal importance to all. I therefore most earnestly desire you to pay the strictest attention to my words.

My text is, "*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*"

Perhaps some have not heard me, and I will repeat again. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

For the benefit of that man, who has just come in, I will repeat again, for the last time. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

Why. Why, why? Why not if? Why not it? Why not of? Why not because?

Why *stand.* *Why* stand? Why not sit? Why not lie? Why not kneel! Why not stoop?

Why stand *ye.* Why ye? Why not me? Why not she? Why not it? Why not that dog? Why not that woman sitting in the corner?

Why stand ye *here.* Why here? Why not there? Why not down cellar? Why not up garret? Why not in that church yonder?

[Here he pauses and says: "I don't know how you feel, brothers and sisters, but I *do* wish some one would open a window."]

Why stand ye here *all.* Why all? Why not part? Why not a half-dozen? Why not one?

A young woman has just entered the gallery, and for her especial benefit I will repeat my text, in order that she may fully understand what we are discussing.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

Why stand ye here all the *day.* Why the day? Why not the night? Why not the morning? Why not the evening?

Lastly and finally.

Why stand ye here all the day *idle.* Why idle? Why not at work? Why not sowing? Why not reaping? Why not spinning? Why not weaving? Why not washing? Why not ironing? Why not scrubbing? Why not digging?

My Brothers and Sisters,—I have exerted myself to a great extent in order that you might leave the house of worship fully impressed with the sense of duty imposed upon you, and hoping that I have not wearied you, and I am very sure I have not, I bid you good-morning.

Putting it Mildly.

Booth was lately travelling in the cars; the passengers hearing that he was aboard, naturally evinced that curiosity prevalent with most, to see the celebrated actor. It was whispered that he was in the car. Among the passengers was a genuine Connecticuter, who occupied a seat some four or five benches in the rear of the great object. By slipping from one seat to another, he very soon occupied the one immediately "aft" of Booth. His anxiety was great; reaching over and touching Edwin on the shoulder, said:

"Ah! eh! excuse me, sir; but is your name Beuth?"

In his well modulated voice Booth replied, "Yes, sir, my name is Booth."

"Ah! eh! ah! eh! excuse me, sir! but is your name Edwin Beuth?"

"Yes, sir; my name is Edwin Booth."

"Really, ah! eh! sir, but you must really excuse me, sir; but ah! eh! sir, are you—are you brother to the gentleman who had the little difficulty with Mr. Lincoln at the theatre?"

Tricks of Mice.

A mouse was once caught in a jeweller's shop, which had a gold ring on its neck. The poor creature had evidently suffered from its finery, for the neck was much swollen on each side of it. The gentleman recognized the ring as one of a pair that had disappeared mysteriously some time before. A servant had been suspected of the theft, but very unjustly, as it now appeared. Probably the mother mouse, when out foraging, had taken the ring to her nest. A meddlesome young baby of hers had poked his head through it, and then had been unable to get it out again. The ring did not grow with his growth, and so proved a literal "choker" of a most uncomfortable sort. What Mrs. Mouse did with her other ring was never discovered. Some search was made for her nest, but without success.

Pet crows have a great fancy for shining things, but it is something unusual for mice to make off with such objects. The little creatures have a peculiar habit of hiding away their supplies, in some convenient nook, intending to call for them when they get ready. Some corn was laid about the stove one night to dry, and the next morning, when the fire was made, all the holes on the covers of the stove began to smoke. On examination, they were found to be filled with corn, which had been left there for safe-keeping till they could be carried off to the nest. A lady's shoe also had a good many grains in it, much to its owner's surprise. The experiment was tried on several evenings, and the shoe was always found to contain the most corn, as it was probably thought to be the best hiding-place.

But, alas! "the best-laid schemes of mice and men" are often all in vain. A good old mouser left in the kitchen over night put a stop to all such thieving tricks. It is the best mouse-trap ever invented, and destroys more of these small thieves than we ever suspect. If all the cats were killed off in any town, it would soon become a very undesirable place to live in.

Flowers.

Flowers teach us the tenderness of God's character. If He had made nothing of this kind, if His works had been for bare utility, and had consisted of coarse and more substantial creations only, the tender side of the divine character would have failed of the revelation it now has in nature. You cannot come across a delicate, trembling flower in the shade of a wood, so small that your heel could crush out its life with one careless step, but that you will think how gentle God must be, who made this flower in its exquisite beauty to live there, and daily cares for it in the regular course of His providence.

Following the same idea, the sleep of the flowers touches our sympathies. Many of them at night will fold their petals closely together, and like the darlings of a kind mother, repose trustfully in the care of their Creator. And during the long, dark night, they gather the dews which distill in the quiet air, and when day comes, the first beams of the morning fall on millions of glittering drops, and flash back from leaf and bud, and petal, and grassy blade in such brilliancy that the whole waving and nodding field of blooming beauty seems dressed in gems more resplendent than any dream of oriental magnificence. So it may be with us if in the night of this somewhat sombre life, we draw to ourselves the dews of heavenly grace. We may hope that when eternity fully dawns, the morning light of our Father's love will glance upon these jewels which we have gathered near the cross, and so light them up as to cover us with glory.—*The Pacific.*

A Good Sale.

Several years ago, there resided in Saratoga county a lawyer of considerable ability and reputation, but of no great culture, who had an uncommon fine taste in paintings and engravings—the only evidence of refinement he ever exhibited. A clergyman of the village in which he lived, knowing his fondness for such things, introduced to him an agent of a publishing house in the city who were issuing a Pictorial Bible in numbers. The specimen of the style of work exhibited to the lawyer was a very beautiful one, and he readily put down his name for a copy. But in the progress of the publication the character of the engravings rapidly deteriorated, much to the disgust of the enlightened but critical subscriber. A picture of Joseph, very indifferently done, provoked him beyond endurance, and seizing several of the numbers, he sallied forth to reproach the parson for leading him into such a bad bargain. "Look at these wretched scratches," said he, turning the pages over, "and see how I have been imposed upon! Here is a portrait of Joseph, whom his brethren sold to the Egyptians for twenty pieces of silver; and let me tell you, parson, if Joseph looked like that, it was a mighty good sale!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Bots in Horses.

I see in the last number of the Homestead, an article copied from the correspondence of the New England Farmer, taking the ground that the bots in horses are very injurious to the horse, causing death. But the writer is entirely mistaken in his conclusions on the subject.

From many investigations into the subject, and from the testimony of Younatt, Spooner, Stewart, Dadd, and others, I am perfectly satisfied that the bots never turn upon the stomach until it is so diseased that death is certain.

The stomach of the horse is the chosen home of the bots, and why should they try to make a way out of it, until the appointed time? He does not feed upon the stomach, but upon the chyme, and only turns upon the stomach to escape death. Nine out of ten of the horses whose stomachs we have examined, have contained bots. Some of those horses had been killed by accident, while in perfect health. We have found the bots eating through the stomachs of those horses, within three or four hours after death, although they were perfectly well, till the moment of death. The evidence to me is conclusive, that they in no way injured the stomach until death.

A valuable essay, by Geo. H. Dadd, V. S., on this subject, has recently appeared in the American Farmer, and as both he and Dr. Stewart are authority in this country, their evidence is entitled to great weight.

I wish it might put an end to the present system of "doctoring (killing?) horses for the bots." There are hundreds of valuable horses killed by the awful drugging they get to kill the bots, which can't be killed by anything you can put in his stomach.

Mayhew records an instance, in which a portion of the stomach, covered with bots, was corked up in spirits of wine for two years, without killing them. Bracy Clark, an English veterinarian, to whom Mayhew says "the public owe all their knowledge of the bot fly," claims that "the bot is harmless if not beneficial."—*C. W. D., Philadelphia, in the Homestead.*

Items.

—The author of "Ten Acres Enough" has bought, it is said, more land himself; thus proving, practically, that his theory is impracticable.

—APPLES.—In many parts of New England the apple crop is more abundant than it has been in any year for some time, but as it is quite short in many sections of the country, the fruit will be wanted at good prices. In New Jersey, Maryland and Pennsylvania, apples as well as peaches have been a complete failure.

—It is estimated that the rain fall in the northern states is forty inches, the southern states fifty, Minnesota, western California and Colorado thirty, Nebraska and Utah twenty, Kansas and Western Arizona fifteen inches. This is a general average for a series of years.

—Dr. F. C. Brunck writes from the grape regions of the Rhine to the Buffalo Courier, that choice vineyard lands are held there as high as $4,000 in gold per 116 square perches—about $1,400 per acre—and in common situations $280, or nearly $100 per acre.

—A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker says no grape should be counted as even approaching perfect ripeness when the stem does not exhibit a deadened and shriveled, blackened character at least three-fourths of an inch from its connection with the branch on which it grew.

—KEEPING VEGETABLES.—Sink a barrel two-thirds of its depth into the ground (a box or a cask will do better;) heap the earth around the part projecting out of the ground, with a slope on all sides; place the vegetables that you desire to keep in the vessel; cover the top with a water-tight cover, and when winter sets in throw an armful of straw, hay, or something of that sort, on the barrel. If the bottom is out of the cask or barrel, it will be better. Cabbages, celery and other vegetables will keep in this way as fresh as when taken from the ground. The celery should stand nearly perpendicular, celery and earth alternating. Freedom from frost, ease of access, and especially freshness and freedom from rot, are the advantages claimed.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

RECEIPTS.

RABBIT AND OYSTER PIE.—Cut up a nice fat rabbit, well season it with white pepper, grated lemon peel, and finely-shred parsley. Take three dozen fresh oysters, beard them, but save their liquor; add them to your rabbit. Put a crust round the edge of your dish, fill in your rabbit and oysters, with also a few slices of fresh butter; cover with a good crust, and bake for little better than an hour.

RABBIT DUMPLINGS.—Bone a rabbit, cut the meat into shapely morsels, rub them with lemon juice, white pepper, chopped herbs, and a shred shallot. Wrap each piece of meat in a good pudding crust, carefully fastening them so as the juice may not escape. Boil them slowly for an hour, and make a sauce with the bones and small portions of meat. Add the juice of the lemon, and serve.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 6, 8, 4, 5, 6, 7, is the name of a celebrated mineral spring.
My 2, 3, 4, is what few people possess.
My 4, 7, 8, 8, 1, 4, is a city in Turkey.
My 6, 9, 7, 8, is a title of nobility.
My 8, 3, 5, 5, 3, 6, is a lady's name.
My 9, 4, 8, 9, 10, 4, 8, is a city in Georgia.
My 3, 10, 11, 3, 9, is a country in Asia.
My whole is a country in Europe.

A. L. ROCKY.

Charade.

My first is in frantic, but not in mad,
My second's in clouded, but not in sad;
My third is in terror, but not in scare,
My fourth is in fowler but not in snare;
My fifth is in wedded, but not in pair.
My whole o'er a smiling Southern state,
In wild destruction has swept of late—
There brightness lies wreck'd 'neath a pall of gloom,
And ruin is stamp'd on many a home.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Transposition.

I am composed of 5 letters, and by transposing contain the following:

Evil—an article of furniture—a child's toy—a boy's great desire—an animal—five verbs—two colors—four nicknames—an article used by shoemakers—part of an arrow, an epoch—beloved—part of the head and extinct.

My whole is a necessary of life.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Query.

Do Prime numbers cease to exist? If they do, at what point.

W. T. STONEBRAKER.

West Milton, Miami Co., O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

At an election where each voter may give two votes to different candidates, but only one to same, A received 200 votes, B received 180, and C 100. Now 50 voted for A only, 60 for B only, and 36 for C only. How many voted for A and B jointly; how many for A and C, and how many for B and C?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A has 10 acres of pasture, B 8 acres, and C 3 acres—into which they agree to put an equal number of cattle to graze; and C agrees to pay A and B $24. How much should each receive on final settlement?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ *Why are eyes like persons separated in distant climes?* Ans.—Because they correspond, but never meet.

☞ What is everybody doing at the same time? Ans.—Growing older.

☞ When is silence likely to get wet? Ans.—When it reigns.

☞ When is a bow not a bow? Ans.—When it's a bow-knot.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"For age and want, save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

RAISED PIE.—Make a raised crust as for a pork pie; take a fine young rabbit, disjoint it, and cut the meat from the bones; season it highly; add to it half-a-pound of fat bacon, the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs cut into slices, and sufficient tomato sauce to make it of an agreeable color. Pack the meat pretty tightly, and bake in a very gentle oven for an hour and a half. This is usually eaten cold; but a *vol a vent* may be made with paste baked round a buttered mould, and when done, removed from the mould, and filled with a rich ragout of rabbit, which is eaten hot.

MACCARONI.—Put half a tablespoonful of butter, and the same of flour, in a pan, and mix on the fire. Then a little more than half a pint of milk, and stir. Add salt. This is the sauce. The maccaroni has been boiled in a pan, with a little butter and salt, drained in a cullender, and the sauce is poured over it on a dish.

JUMBLES.—One pound of flour, the same of sugar, and an equal quantity of butter. Mix these ingredients with three well-beaten eggs, a wineglassful of rose-water, and some essence of lemon. Roll into thin sheets, and cut in rings, and dip in loaf-sugar before baking.

APPLE.—One pound of flour and a half pound of butter rubbed together, with half a pound of sugar and a few caraway seeds, and milk sufficient to make a stiff dough. Cut into cakes a third of an inch thick, and bake in buttered pans, in a quick oven, till of a pale brown.

BLACK-BOARD PAINT.—*Invented by Wm. H. Wells, Esq., Supt. Public Instruction, Chicago.*—To make one gallon of paint, take ten ounces pulverized pumice-stone, six ounces pulverized rotten-stone, three-quarters of a pound lampblack, and mix them with alcohol enough to make a thick paste. Grind the mixture very thoroughly in a paint-mill; then dissolve about fourteen ounces of shellac in the remainder of the gallon of alcohol. Now stir the whole together, and the paint is ready for use.

The shellac prevents the paint from rubbing off. If the shellac is of poor quality, it will require a little more.

When using, stir often to prevent the pumice-stone from settling.

In putting on a second coat, be careful not to rub off the first.

One gallon will furnish two coats for sixty or seventy square yards of black-board, on walls not previously painted.

The surface of a plaster wall that is to be painted for the first time, may be somewhat improved by first putting on a coat of strong glue-sizing, prepared by boiling one pound of glue in a gallon of rain water. Stir in three or four ounces of lamp-black. Put on hot.

We have for years used black-boards prepared from the above recipe, and can recommend it in the highest terms.